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THE
Commonweal

**Republican
Campaign Strategy**

Walter Dean Burnham

**Alienation
in Ingmar Bergman**

Henry H. L. Abraham

**What's Wrong
with Commonweal**

Norma Krause Herzfeld

VOLUME LXXX, NO. 10

MAY 29, 1964

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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For further information write to the address given for the Session in which you are interested.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

China's Challenge

THE INAUGURATION of Pakistan-Shanghai air service and encouragement of greater numbers of foreign visitors present a contrast to China's renewed aggressiveness in Southeast Asia. At the airline ceremonies Marshal Chen Yi, Peking's Foreign Minister, welcomed some forty European and Pakistani journalists. The policy of admitting more visitors from the outside world reflects China's new trade ambitions as well as its need for foreign exchange. The journalists, as other foreign visitors, were greatly restricted in what they were permitted to see—only Shanghai, Hangchow and Peking, with some of those cities' environs.

In the fishbowl world of today forbidden lands arouse intense curiosity. The visiting newsmen were struck by much of what they observed. The people appear quite content; there are no signs now of malnutrition, although the Mao regime permitted widespread starvation in the past. Clothing appears adequate, with men and women uniformly dressed alike in blue tunics and trousers. The building of the jet-port runways in four months, and the People's Palace in Peking in ten, point to considerable capability.

Impressive government facilities coincide with clearly inadequate shelter. There are only six private cars in all Peking. Most sparrows have been eliminated, together with flies and all dogs and cats. The visitors encountered vast areas of silence. The few tractors visible near Peking and the greater number around Shanghai indicate that the modern Chinese agricultural revolution has barely begun. But it has started.

There is also a new drive to step up indoctrination and pressure on the patient Chinese industrial worker. China intends to make a real bid for trade with Africa, other Asian countries and Latin America—where it unflaggingly seeks to extend its influence. That Chinese school-children are now being

taught Roman script is further evidence of a determination to make China a power in the world.

A REALISTIC OUTLINE of Communist China's objectives is enough to give anyone pause. The United States is high on the list of Mao's priorities. American power and influence must somehow be ousted from all Asia, which also is to be purged of Soviet influence and serve as a base for China's leadership of world Communism. On the road to the achievement of such ambitions lies Southeast Asia. Here China's suzerainty over what were once its vassal lands must be re-established; here Peking's militant revolutionary philosophy must be imposed.

That brings current confrontations into their proper framework. In Burma it means Chinese control of the Red Flag guerrillas in Rangoon. It means sending Chinese heavy infantry weapons into Cambodia and Vietnam. Indonesian Communists must be girded for their coming struggle with the army for power. Finally, Marshal Chen Yi is denouncing Prince Souvanna for seeking to restore a coalition government in beleaguered Laos, while local and some North Vietnamese troops embark on a sweeping offensive there.

The Chinese have many advantages in their attempted conquest of Southeast Asia. Proximity and brute strength overbalance the national aspirations and fears of their nearby neighbors. They have genuine anti-colonial and revolutionary sentiments to build on. Their local followers are adept at infiltration, terrorizing, propaganda and subversion. In South Vietnam, where the battle is most joined, the Vietcong have built up a force of 40,000 guerrillas, with 100,000 or more part-time guerrillas. They control large areas of the country both day and night. Secretary McNamara has grown increasingly less optimistic after successive visits.

The split with Russia means a declining Chinese air force, but this tactical disadvantage in South Vietnam is currently mitigated by the onset of the

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long rainy season. Later, American plans for strengthening and expanding the South Vietnamese air force should pay off. There is evidence that General Khanh himself inspires some confidence. His recent abrogation of Buddhist disabilities was a sound move. And the sentiments of the thousands who once fled North Vietnam for refuge in the South provide some basis for resistance.

South Vietnam's chances of escaping subjugation would be enhanced by broadening its international support. Not troops from Taiwan, but effective technical assistance from the Philippines, Australia, Japan and many other countries would refute the Chinese charge that this is America's war. When China itself becomes a "have-nation," the younger men who succeed the revolutionary generation may have their own ideas about the risks of conquest. This is one of many arguments for establishing Chinese-American relations.

Meanwhile there is no denying that by spurring others to do their fighting for them, the Chinese threaten with tyranny a large number of neighboring peoples. Outside aid must be greatly expanded if the nations of Southeast Asia are to hold the line.

Brown and Tougaloo

OF ALL THE educational institutions in America, it is doubtful that any have as many obstacles to development as do the Southern Negro colleges. They are, to begin with, poor, and thus suffer from inadequate library facilities, low wage scales for their faculties and insufficient teaching equipment. Since as a rule their student bodies are drawn from inferior high schools, a good part of their effort must be directed toward the remedying of deficient preparation for college. The worst part of it all is that they are, in effect, about the only colleges most Southern Negroes are able to attend, so limited has been the integration in the white colleges. In the foreseeable future, then, the prospect of an increased number of college-educated Southern Negroes rests wholly in their hands.

With this background in mind, the announcement that Brown University will actively assist Tougaloo College, near Jackson, Miss., strikes us as a valuable venture. Among other things, the Brown-Tougaloo agreement calls for advanced study by members of the Tougaloo faculty at Brown, special instructional programs to help incoming freshmen make up their high school deficiencies, the establishment of a special program for Negro secondary-school teachers, an increased scholarship program and plans for an improvement of equipment and library facilities. In order to fill any gaps created by Tougaloo professors

taking advantage of opportunities for further study, Brown will supply temporary replacements drawn from its professors and graduate students.

All in all, it sounds like the kind of imaginative experiment so sorely needed in American education. Here, as in many other areas, the discrepancy between the haves and the have-nots is tremendous. Federal aid is, of course, one solution to this discrepancy. But such aid will be slow in coming and, in the case of the Southern Negro colleges, would have to far exceed anything now envisaged to make a significant difference. In the meantime, we hope that other universities will emulate Brown's leadership.

Secretariat for Non-Christians

SINCE THE beginning of his pontificate, Pope Paul VI has seemed to many an enigmatic person. Some have likened him to Hamlet, an impression strengthened by his unwillingness, during the Second Session of the Council, to act in a decisive way in response to the large number of Council Fathers requesting a significant change in the composition and leadership of the various conciliar commissions. So, too, Pope Paul's language, as seen in his homilies and speeches, has contained more than a goodly share of vague rhetoric and hyperbolic officialese.

Nonetheless, the fact is that Pope Paul has to his credit some strikingly original acts, acts which increasingly suggest that he may be a different man from the common stereotype held of him. The trip to Jerusalem and the meeting with Patriarch Athenagoras was such an act. So also, in a lesser way, was his famous speech to the Curia. Now Pope Paul has acted again, and the thrust of his initiative is a dramatic and valuable one.

In announcing on Pentecost Sunday the formation of a special Secretariat for Non-Christians, under the direction of Paolo Cardinal Marella, Pope Paul has signaled to the Church the importance of dialogue between the Church and the non-Christian. As important as dialogue with Protestantism is, in the long run it is less important than the Church's encounter with those hundreds of millions of men who do not account Christ as their Lord and Savior. Indeed, one of the main purposes of Protestant-Catholic dialogue ought to be to help Christians surmount their own differences for the sake of a common witness to the non-Christian world. Christian disunity—the spectacle of Christians who do not love each other—has been a scandal to that world.

Inevitably, any encounters between the Catholic and the non-Christian will be difficult. For its part, the Church will bear the onus of a history which

has not always been charitable or open to the non-Christian. Pope Paul has called for "loyal and respectful" dialogue carried out with "absolute sincerity": in the past, both of these norms were often violated (and by no means, of course, only on the Catholic side). No less a problem is posed by the great diversity of the religions of the world. An attention to these differences and the resistance of any temptation to reduce them to an amorphous and arbitrary unity will be essential.

The most difficult task, however, will be that of clarifying and developing the Church's stance toward the non-Christian. Pope Paul's description of the purpose of dialogue, for instance, is not without ambiguity: "No pilgrim, no matter how far, religiously and geographically, may be the country from which he comes, will be any longer a stranger in this Rome, faithful still today to the historic program which the Catholic faith retains for itself of '*Patria Communis*'." How can the pilgrim help but feel himself a stranger if he is told that Rome, rather than his own spiritual homeland, is his real country? And is he likely, in the first place, to think of himself as a "pilgrim"?

At any rate, the Pope has taken a creative step. It will be up to the rest of the Church to support his efforts and that of the Secretariat.

Catholics and the First

ACCORDING to the New York *Times*, Congressmen have been detecting a shift in opinion among their constituents on what to do about prayer and Bible-reading in public schools. The legislators are now reporting, says the *Times*, a "disconcerting" increase in mail urging them to exercise greater caution in seeking an amendment to allow school prayer. Also running heavy is mail asking Congress to drop the whole idea or to "decide for themselves" what to do.

The same shift in opinion is detectable in the Catholic press. When the school-prayer decision was announced two years ago, Catholic newspapers and magazines overwhelmingly condemned it. One news service, after managing to find three Catholic diocesan papers which supported the decision, felt constrained to issue the story under the suggested headline: "Not all Catholic papers opposed to Prayer decision."

A similar round-up today would reveal a considerable shift. No attempt to extrapolate from a small survey of diocesan papers will be very conclusive, but of twenty-five newspapers we have noticed commenting editorially, only two have supported the prayer amendment as now written. Another one

thought the amendment too weak, and several discussed the merits of the issue without reaching a conclusion. This shift in Catholic opinion was commented upon editorially by the Pittsburgh *Catholic*, which itself had criticized the Court's decision of June, 1962. Noting that most Catholics had at first opposed the court's rulings on prayer and Bible-reading, the newspaper added: "Today, however, Catholic opinion, while not rhapsodic about the rulings, seems to recognize their constitutional soundness . . . there is a realization that public school neutrality with regard to religion is not synonymous with agnosticism, much less atheism—as has been argued by many supporters of the Becker Amendment."

Some of the changed opinion, however, does seem to owe less to an increased appreciation for the First Amendment and official state neutrality on religious matters than to a fear that the major effort necessary to pass an amendment like Representative Becker's will waste energy that should be devoted to developing *more* religious programs for the public schools. The suspicion is that the indignation against the court ruling will be dissipated cheaply by the reinstatement of an innocuous prayer, when the needs of the times are viewed as demanding the permeation of public school programs with religion of one sort or another.

Another strain one senses in parts of the Catholic press is a throwback to the "Godless public schools" concept. If the defeat of the Becker Amendment does, in fact, convince most Americans that the public schools are hopelessly secularistic, then, it is argued, support for aid to parochial schools can only increase.

In our opinion, however, a respect and understanding for the First Amendment is most responsible for the new editorial climate. As the *Catholic Reporter* wrote: "What the Court said, in briefest condensation, is simply that the state is not a church."

Race and Labor

THE BRONX Plumbers' dispute is one of the clearest examples to date of how the "natural" alliance between organized labor and civil rights groups remains largely theoretical, while the institutional interests of both parties tend to break out regularly into open conflict. The controversy saw the union obstinately refuse—and then offer to grant—membership application to three Puerto Ricans and a Negro; it also saw the civil rights advocates indigantly demand—and then refuse—the same offer. And at the moment, the jockeying for position has

resulted in a decision of the New York City Commission on Human rights to quit the case altogether, on the grounds that it is no longer a civil rights issue at all.

The dispute began three weeks ago, after the contractor on a \$25 million market, in response to pressure from civil rights groups, hired the Negro and three Puerto Ricans. White plumbers immediately walked off the job rather than work, they said, with non-union men. The four claimed that the union refused to accept their applications for membership.

When pressure for a settlement grew, Mayor Wagner entered the controversy and managed to draw from the union a promise to give the four non-union workers the standard journeyman's test for union membership. Civil rights leaders and the City Commission on Human Rights were to oversee the testing. With the desired goal thus apparently achieved, the four workers, prodded on by civil rights groups, denounced the settlement and began proceedings to challenge the union testing system before the National Labor Relations Board as a violation of the Taft-Hartley ban on closed shops.

Presumably this challenge has a fair chance of succeeding. But the original goal of integrating the Plumber's Union seems to have been lost from view, and any victory here at the expense of the Plumbers is certain to be an expensive one. It will hardly do anything to close the gap between the labor movement and the civil rights movement. What it is likely to do, at a time when the civil rights group needs labor support more than ever, is to align at least some civil rights sentiment with the anti-labor stance of the far right.

NEWS & VIEWS

Blood Brotherhood in Harlem?

"Until you have become really, in actual fact, a brother to everyone, brotherhood will not come to pass."

Father Zossima's mysterious visitor in Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*.

OUR FANTASIES do betray us and perhaps none more so than those shared by oppressors and oppressed alike.

On May 6, Junius Griffin of the *New York Times* broke an important—and terrifying—story about the existence of an anti-white Harlem gang. The gang, said to number 400, was reportedly "trained in crime and fighting by defectors from the Black

Muslims." Referring to themselves as the "Blood Brotherhood," the gang is said to have infiltrated community centers in Harlem "by obtaining positions in committees." Two centers were named in the news story. Rebel Black Muslims, allegedly members of the Fruit of Islam, the self-defense military arm of the Black Muslims, are said to be indoctrinating the gang with Black nationalism. The dissident Muslims, reports Griffin, are believed to be using the Blood Brotherhood to build up a strong force to oppose the police if trouble should develop in Harlem. The gang members, ranging in age from 12 to 20, operate principally around 129th Street and Lenox Avenue, Griffin continues. "Some members of the gang are used as drug pushers and numbers runners. Others are taught to steal."

The existence of the Brotherhood was "disclosed" by an unnamed researcher for Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (HARYOU), an organization studying the economic, educational and social ills of the area. The police, Griffin further reported, suspect that gang members are responsible for four separate murders of whites in Harlem. Two young suspects in the deaths are said to be members of the Brotherhood.

On May 8, Griffin reported that the police were looking for Orlando X and Hannibal, two adults said to be leaders of "a militant Negro youth gang." The police and "other sources" are reported as saying that the gang's members are trained in judo and karate and have a reputation for attacking whites without provocation. The gang size, said the May 8 story, numbers anywhere from 60 to 400.

On second thought, the story was an odd one to say the least. Some discrepancies, apparent from the first, remain unexplained. Why, for example, should a secret terrorist, or military group, want to run the hazards of pushing drugs? The Black Muslims are in fact harder on drug addiction than Anslinger himself. They are also down on crime. And, since the defectors broke with the Muslims on questions of militancy, one supposes they too share these distastes. Indeed HARYOU director Dr. Kenneth B. Clark went beyond matters of style, to say: "There is no evidence in the HARYOU files which supports the contention of the existence of an organized anti-white gang in the community and no such statement was made by a HARYOU staff member." Other community leaders also denied the existence of the gang. (A HARYOU study, however, does report the not-surprising news that anti-white feeling is strong among gang members in Harlem.) So, the origin of the Black Brotherhood story remains obscure.

The first witness we have is Ashton Higgins, supervisor of the Frederick Douglas Junior High School Community Center. "I first learned of the

gang's existence two weeks ago from police officials," he said. "I was asked at that time if there was any evidence of Black Nationalist recruitment in my center, and since that time I honestly haven't detected any."

One would like to lean back at this point and say, well, so much for the Blood Brotherhood. But one can't: The possibilities for violence *are* real; the wonder is that there isn't more of it already. The Blood Brotherhood fantasy, at one level, is the projection of the obvious Negro wish to have it back at the white majority. It is very good for scaring white liberals. And, on a more tragic level, one can predict that sometime soon someone in Harlem caught up in what seems a senseless killing—like that of Eileen A. Johnston, a white social worker murdered in April while walking with a Negro co-worker—will claim membership in the Blood Brotherhood as justification.

Much more serious, however, is the flourishing of the fantasy in white minds, for the whites do have police power. As one Harlem-based civil rights leader told me, "The Brotherhood exists to justify the cops banging into us at the first outbreak of trouble in Harlem." Police in Harlem are frightened. What better justification for slashing back at all those impassive, dark faces than the fancied, or real, exist-

ence of a Muslim-trained terrorist organization?

It is already pretty bad in Harlem. As a slightly tipsy wino, who wandered into a meeting of the East River CORE Chapter recently, asked, "If you plead guilty in the station house, they beat you; if you plead not guilty, they beat you—so, which guilty should you plead?" How much more so will it be this summer when every other suspect is considered a member of the Blood Brotherhood? It is a secret Brotherhood and you don't expect *them* to confess easily, do you?

It is in this context, as Nat Hentoff reminds us in the *Village Voice*, that the passage of some such measure as Councilman Theodore Weiss' bill to set up an all-civilian review board to investigate complaints of police brutality becomes imperative. (This is not a bad idea for other metropolitan communities.) One is also grateful to Mary Perot Nichols for the information that the Mayor has increased the police allocation in the City budget by several million while cutting the measly half-million dollar allocation to the Commission on Human Rights by \$120,000.

One cannot say for sure *now* that the Blood Brotherhood does not exist. Every kid in Harlem believes that it does. But should we not ask whose creature it is?

THOMAS R. BROOKS

WASHINGTON REPORT

Chances for the Prayer Amendment

THE PROSPECTS for passage of a constitutional amendment permitting prayers and Bible-reading in the public schools are better than they deserve to be, but an early decision by Congress is not likely. There is no question that if an amendment reached the floor of the House of Representatives for a vote, it would win the necessary two-thirds majority. Fortunately, the amendment faces a lengthy and difficult course before it reaches the floor.

Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, is unsympathetic to altering the language of the First Amendment in order to overturn the Supreme Court decision of two years ago forbidding prayer and Bible-reading in public schools. Throughout last year and the early months of this year, Celler held off the advocates of constitutional revision who were demanding that his committee hold public hearings. The most prominent of these advocates is Representative Frank J. Becker, a Catholic and conservative Republican from a suburban district on Long Island. He has been stumping the country stirring up sentiment in favor of a constitutional amendment. He

has also offered a discharge petition in the House which would take the question away from the Judiciary Committee and bring it to an immediate floor vote. By early April, he had obtained approximately 170 signatures on his petition. As always on controversial matters of this kind, a considerable if indeterminate number of members signed the petition not because they share Becker's enthusiasm but because they wanted to get off the spot with letter-writing constituents, at least for the time being. This is usually a safe maneuver because measures rarely get the necessary 218 signatures and reach the floor by this route. When the signatures near that magic number, the House leaders usually take charge and, by various parliamentary moves, try to delay and deflect sentiment. In this instance, they had recourse to the simplest device, which is to hold lengthy hearings, the lengthier the better.

Celler began the hearings on April 22. By no coincidence, this was also the day the New York World's Fair opened. Stories about the Fair effectively deprived Becker's opening testimony of any significant attention in the New York newspapers.

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In the middle of May, Celler cut back the schedule of hearings from three days a week to two. This enabled the committee to catch up on other work, but it also served to extend the hearings into early June. Opponents of the amendment believe that if members of Congress and the public study this issue long enough, a majority will eventually conclude that any change in the First Amendment will create more problems than it will solve.

Once the hearings conclude, it will take a minimum of four to six weeks for the committee to agree upon the language of an amendment. Becker's amendment is actually one of only 147 different resolutions that have been introduced. All of them are under study.

The members of the committee are divided into three factions. A small minority is opposed to any amendment. A larger minority is in favor of any amendment, no matter how sweeping, obscure, or potentially troublesome. A middle group, holding the balance of power, is favorably disposed toward an amendment if one can be devised that is restricted in scope. As lawyers, the members of the Judiciary Committee are well aware that re-writing the Constitution is a much more solemn undertaking than framing a law that any future Congress can revise or repeal at will. In the hearings thus far, the congressmen have argued with witnesses about the exact meaning and implication of each word in the various proposals. This is a foretaste of the strenuous exercise in which they will engage once they go into executive session and try to write an amendment. The best hope for defeating the prayer amendment is that after weeks of discussion, a majority of the committee may conclude that it is an impossible task and that no resolution should be reported out. This would leave the proponents with no alternative except to press Becker's discharge petition. If successful, this would mean the amendment would be written on the floor of the House. Under these circumstances, one of two results would occur. Either a majority of the House would become convinced during the hurly-burly of debate and the confusion of amendment and counter-amendment that

this was a reckless, irresponsible way of revising the Constitution and vote to recommit the whole subject to committee, or a majority might vote for the Becker amendment as it now stands, thereby passing the issue on to the Senate for final disposition. In short, if the Judiciary Committee reports an amendment, the House will pass it overwhelmingly. If an amendment is brought up by the petition method, the vote could go either way. Much would depend on the quality of the debate and the mood of the House on that particular day.

A basis for qualified optimism is that Chairman Celler and Representative William McCulloch of Ohio, the ranking minority member, are both unenthusiastic about the proposed amendment. McCulloch has not stated that he is flatly opposed, but as a capable lawyer and a conscientious, responsible man, he can be expected to throw his influence on the side of caution and deliberation.

If no action is taken by the House or if the Senate does not complete action this year, the resolutions die with the adjournment of Congress. They will have to be re-introduced and new hearings held next year. The proponents of an amendment are already organizing to make this a long-term cause. They are going to seek favorable planks in the platforms of the two parties at this summer's conventions. The presidential candidates will also be asked to commit themselves. President Kennedy was on record in support of the Supreme Court decision, suggesting that parents should fulfill their responsibilities by teaching children to pray at home. President Johnson has thus far withheld comment on the issue.

No final decision is likely this year even if the House acts favorably. The filibuster over civil rights has placed the Senate so far behind in its work that it will not take up an issue as controversial as the "prayer amendment" in 1964. In view of the persistence and aggressiveness of the "prayer amendment" forces, however, those who oppose tampering with the First Amendment must be prepared for a long, hard struggle.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Incident at Boston College

THINGS are looking up at Boston College. Since 1958 salaries have doubled, top teachers have been lured away from other campuses and the quality of incoming freshmen has improved dramatically. At B.C. laymen dominate and wholly staff most major departments. Not long ago, *Time* magazine devoted considerable space to the transformation of the "folk school of the Boston Irish" into a serious university driving hard for excellence.

But an academic freedom case—"a betrayal of the image the college is trying to present," according to the student newspaper—has become a cloud on B.C.'s brightening horizon. An assistant professor known as a critic of the Jesuit administration was refused tenure and discharged, touching off a bitter and widening controversy.

The professor is Dr. Paul M. Michaud, secretary of the Asian Studies Department, who came to B.C. in

1959 by way of a Canadian Catholic college, Rimouski, and the University of Chicago. He spoke of a desire to teach as objectively as he knew, without any Catholic-moral-philosophical orientation. "I came here," he said, "because I want to teach Roman Catholic students so that I might spare them some of the anguish I had to go through."

This approach was not always appreciated. Some of his students would use information picked up in his classes to bait Jesuit instructors in the required philosophy and religion courses. In one class, audited by the prefect of studies for the New England Jesuit province, Dr. Michaud discussed the belief of some nineteenth-century German liberals that Buddhism was instrumental in the development of Christianity. Three days later, he says, he heard the prefect denouncing him as a syncretist. The prefect later denied making the statement, but Dr. Michaud feels the suspicion was never erased.

Last fall he applied for promotion to associate professor and for tenure—although his present contract runs until June, 1965. The application was rejected and Dr. Michaud was fired. Father Michael J. Walsh, S.J., president of the university, greeted the storm of protest by saying it would be "very unfair to any teacher" to explain his dismissal. He denied that Dr. Michaud's critical attitude has brought about his discharge, adding, "There are much stronger critics on the faculty."

To Dr. Michaud the reasons are obvious: "The administration has no understanding for the concept of the university, nor any sympathy for it. I presented my views in my area of studies and did not use Catholic philosophy to shoot it full of holes. I left it up to the student to judge. The administration does not trust the student's ability to separate the true from the false. I do."

The suggestion has been made that Dr. Michaud's discharge stemmed from his failure to publish in scholarly journals. He had written and published articles before coming to B.C., and has recently submitted a 200-page manuscript to the journal *Monumenta Serica*. Nevertheless his application for promotion and tenure was backed by his colleagues in the history department and was endorsed by his department chairman.

While the decision on Dr. Michaud's fate was pending, two other statements suggested a crisis in the university's development. One was issued by Phi Beta Kappa, turning down the university's application for a chapter, and calling for "a greater voice in the government of the college" by laymen. The other was an address by Father Charles F. Donovan, S.J., academic vice president and dean of the school of education. The talk cited a poll taken by *National Review* purporting to show that students at secular colleges are apathetic toward religion, soft on Communism and strong on premarital sex.

"This depressing account . . .," said Father Donovan, "would seem to be grounds such as we have never had before for a vigorous, non-apologetic, non-temporizing, non-watered system of Catholic education. We Catholics and especially we Catholic educators can well ask ourselves if we have begun to sell our birthright in order to conform to a secular ideal of academic excellence." He mulled over the disturbing thought that "perchance the Vatican Council is coming to the defense of President Conant of Harvard, whom we roundly berated in 1952 for calling parochial schools divisive"; and expressed concern about the "Catholic teacher who will have to confront and master secular learning, often in a secular milieu, without the contamination or sapping of his Catholic principles."

This talk of "contamination" helped broaden the dispute. The question seemed less the career of a single professor and more the direction in which B.C. was moving. A number of Michaud supporters clearly felt the college had opted for a narrow form of indoctrination.

Prof. William Daly, faculty division representative, wrote in a memorandum submitted to the president and faculty council that the psychological security of the lay teachers, "some of whom came to B.C. despite warnings that they would not have academic freedom," was threatened by the Michaud case. This feeling was strengthened by the university's decision not to consult the department chairmen and senior faculty members—the normal procedure—before deciding against Michaud. (Father Walsh explained this, according to Professor Daly, by terming the teachers too emotionally involved in the Michaud case to give objective counsel on the matter.)

Prof. Daly, analyzing the opinions of the Social Science Division teachers, said the consensus was that Father Walsh was within his legal rights; but the failure to consult was regarded as "discourteous" and with "serious implications for the whole complex of consultative processes at the university."

With a "disproportionately high" number of faculty members already leaving for other institutions, Daly wrote, "some tenured faculty members are now making plans, in some cases firm, in other cases tentative, to look elsewhere for positions, since in view of the present case, they feel Boston College may undergo a rapid landslide over the next three to five years which would undo much or all of the accomplishments of the past ten years."

Dr. Michaud, selected the year's outstanding faculty member by the 1963 editors of the student newspaper, will probably stay on for another year, looking for another job. He has announced it will not be at a Catholic college.

MICHAEL J. BENNETT

(Michael J. Bennett is a reporter for the Boston Herald.)

Catholics and Jews

LAST WEEK I discussed the existence of anti-Semitism among Christians. This week I want to return to the theme again.

I accept the claim made by Professor Jules Isaac in *The Teaching of Contempt* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston): most of us who are Christians have from childhood on received a certain "instruction in contempt" as far as the Jews are concerned—a fact borne out, incidentally, by the recent St. Louis University-American Jewish Committee study of the textbooks used in Catholic schools. Other sociological factors are no doubt important, such as the fact that Jews and Catholics in America were both immigrant groups and were both poor. Nonetheless, it is my conviction that the distortion of religious teaching underlies everything else and is most important in arousing prejudice.

The idea of the Jews as "Christ-killers" who are as a group and exclusively responsible for Christ's death has done terrible harm. It should never be presented without showing that some Jews—Mary, the Apostles, the disciples, many in the crowd—accepted Jesus. It should never be presented without emphasis on the Christian teaching that all of us individually and together are by our sins responsible for Christ's death. The notion that some kind of curse rests on the Jewish people for their role in the Crucifixion must be challenged head-on; as Cardinal Spellman noted in a recent talk, this is a widely held belief which many people use to justify their own bigotry.

Catholic teaching in this matter is clear. The Church teaches that the Jewish people were not and are not cast away. The Church deplores the abuse of speaking of the Jews as a "deicide people" and of putting them outside the law. In truth, the children of Israel are neither rejected nor cursed by God, and in Catholic thought they will forever be in a special way objects of His love.

Why, then, the gap between official teaching and popular belief and practice? Part of the reason the various myths about the Jew sprang up and were encouraged by many Christians was the fact that in early centuries Church and synagogues were often in direct competition. As a result, all too many Christian writers and preachers tried to glorify the Church by degrading the synagogue. The Jews were often depicted as a perfidious, stiff-necked people, condemned for the Crucifixion and under a just curse in this world.

All this is abuse, not Catholic teaching, and it is this that we must eliminate from the various textbooks and commentaries into which it has made its way. At the same time we cannot pretend that such material has been without effect over the years. Otherwise how can we explain the anti-Semites we have all met who

use the malevolent "religious" myths about the Jews as justification for their own hatred?

In point of fact, from the days of Constantine till the French Revolution the Jews were treated as a people set apart. Only the Jew who embraced Christianity became a full citizen. Periodic persecution was the rule, with Holy Week, ironically enough, a time of special dread for Jews. Indeed, that thirteenth century which some Catholics consider the greatest of centuries was for the Jews a time of special misery, a time in which they were persecuted in and expelled from country after country. If Jews and Catholics today view history through different eyes, is it any wonder?

Part of the reason for this, of course, was political. Religious unity was considered essential for political welfare; indeed, the Church as spiritual institution and Christendom as a political entity were often thought of in the same terms. As a result the Jew throughout this period was sometimes scoffed at and preached over, sometimes tolerated or driven out, sometimes mocked or let alone. Always, though, he was the stranger, the outsider.

In this circumstance it would be pleasant to be able to list Israel's Christian champions. Champions there were of a sort, the kind of champions who insisted that the Jew should be treated fairly in his ghetto, and at the time I suppose this championship was no small thing. But the fact remains that it was not the spokesmen of Christianity but the voices of liberal revolution that freed the Jews, not the forces of religion but the forces of secularization that made the Jew an equal citizen.

When the French Revolution comes up, Catholics are wont to think of its excesses, and these were real enough, heaven knows. The fact remains, however, that to the Jew the French Revolution spelled freedom. Catholics today may be able to scare each other by talking about the dangers of secularism, but exactly what was there about a religious society, historically speaking, that would make a Jew expect to feel safer in it than in a secular society?

This is the question Catholics must confront. The pagan perversity of Hitler rose and took root in the heart of Christian Europe, in a nation almost equally divided between Protestant and Catholic Christians. How could this happen? It could happen, I am convinced, for only one reason: the Nazis' attack was carried out in a climate of opinion prepared by the fact of centuries of hostility to the Jewish people. It is this teaching of contempt that is at fault, and it is this cancer that we must root out if we are to call ourselves Christian.

JAMES O'GARA

Republican Campaign Strategy

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

THE FOG of political confusion which descended upon the country in the wake of President Kennedy's assassination seems to have evaporated with the melting of winter's snows. Naturally it is still much too early to do more than guess at the name of the Republican presidential nominee or the outcome of the election itself. But it is not too early to detect a changed Republican strategy to meet the radically changed political situation.

Until the tragedy of November 22, 1963, the drift of events seemed rather strongly to favor the nomination of Senator Goldwater *and* a Republican campaign primarily devoted to an all-out attack upon the handling of domestic issues by "the Kennedys." Most especially, such a campaign would have played upon the civil-rights anxieties felt by many Northern whites, while bidding more or less openly for Southern segregationist support. The focus of attack would certainly have been "the Kennedys," who epitomized to the Goldwaterites all that was alien to the mainstream of our political style and to the hopes and aspirations of white, middle-class Main-Street America.

There is now little question that white Northern opinion is far more closely divided on civil rights than most liberals would like to believe. Five recent elections have clearly demonstrated this: the Kentucky gubernatorial election last November, in which the Republican candidate nearly won despite the state's normally heavily Democratic leanings; the Philadelphia mayoralty contest, also last November, in which the Republican candidate won a majority of the white vote in the city which Kennedy had carried by a margin of better than two to one; the Wisconsin primary, that in Indiana, and the hotly-contested Kansas City referendum on public accommodations this April. One may well wonder in view of these portents whether the Negro's drive for full equality has not already gone about as far as the consensus of white opinion—or the balance of white fears and anxieties—will permit. In any event, an opposition-party strategy which turned upon these fears and anxieties was plausible before November 22. It would remain so today had circumstances not altered so radically.

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Behind the Goldwater strategy lay the belief that the accumulating pressures of menacing social and political change could galvanize the plain folk of the older America—the America of small town, crossroads and unimpeachably Anglo-Saxon background—into a winning political coalition. This strategy, if successful in intra-party conflict and pitted against President Kennedy, would have resulted in the mirror-image of the election of 1896.

Like that election, 1964 under such circumstances would have been a critical election—an election producing so many and sweeping shifts in group voting behavior as to fix the boundaries of the political system for a generation to come. This plan was more or less explicitly predicated upon abandoning the G.O.P.'s north-eastern-metropolitan, "liberal" wing. The success of this strategy in gaining so deep a foothold in the past two years tells much about the depth of the alienation of the Older America from the concentrated, complex organizational world of the New. It also tells us much about the persistence and intensity of fundamentalist, frontier-era reactions to the complex ambiguities of American politics at home and abroad.

POLITICAL PARTIES normally contest elections according to unspoken rules of rational-game strategy. Practical politicians seek to maximize their chances of winning within an accepted political status quo. In a two-party context, this means adopting strategies which will hold the party's traditional adherents while permitting it to make inroads on the uncommitted vote and the ranks of the opposition.

To do this, practical politicians adapt their attacks to hit at what seems the weakest point in the opposition's armor, while at the same time selecting candidates and platforms which are acceptable to all shades of opinion within their own ranks. Such politicians rarely seek high adventure in embracing explosive political issues. They prefer to work within a predictable political environment, even if this environment normally relegates them to a minority position. There are plenty of vested political interests within the existing political system for the politicians even of the minority party to defend.

The consequence of this is to produce the typical American election—an election in which alternatives of

policy are blurred or degraded to the level of candidate personality or "image." But occasionally, when social tensions can no longer be contained within the existing political status quo, the norm breaks down. Instead, one of the parties takes a clear-cut stand upon deeply divisive issues and takes the "irrational" risk of constructing a new political coalition even at the expense of driving some of its traditional supporters from its ranks. A critical election ensues, the gamble succeeds or fails, and the political system is permanently reconstituted.

But for such an election to occur and the ordinary rationality of practicing politicians to be superseded, the times must be fully ripe. The Republican Party is the minority party in the present political system. Its clientele is primarily drawn from the Older America of the farms and small towns outside the South, and from the Anglo-Saxon middle and upper classes in the metropolitan areas. Large parts of the native-white South might have been added to this coalition had President Kennedy lived. But the sectional-ethnic appeals which the Goldwater strategy might have been able to employ with some success against John F. Kennedy lose their force when arrayed against Lyndon B. Johnson. For Johnson is also an authentic product of the Older America. He will probably enjoy considerable success in welding most of the old Southern-Western Democratic coalition together again. This turn of events makes the Goldwater gamble look much less appealing to Republican professionals, for in a cultural sense Goldwater and Johnson would be working the same side of the political street—with the assurance that in any contest between the two, the large metropolitan centers would be solidly in Johnson's pocket.

The obvious strategy for the G.O.P. to adopt as it confronts President Johnson is the old rational-game strategy. While this will probably not permit the party to win nationally, it should at least minimize its losses in Congressional and state elections. That strategy must be focussed on two major goals. Firstly, the party should nominate someone who can hold its divergent fundamentalist-sophisticated wings together, recognizing that any chance of capturing a substantial block of Southern votes has gone a-glimmering for the time being. This would seem to exclude both Rockefeller and Goldwater. Secondly, the party should nominate someone who can appeal strongly to the political culture of the metropolitan Northeast—where Johnson's personality and political style are vulnerable—and raise campaign issues which exploit the Administration's political vulnerabilities.

The Republican Party almost certainly faces trouble in seeking out a man who can manage both to hold the party together and to appeal significantly to the big industrial states. If Richard M. Nixon—who also primarily appeals to a Main Street clientele—finally gets the nomination, it will be because the party can find no single man who can do both. But the shape of the

dominant campaign issue is much easier to see. The G.O.P. will campaign primarily upon foreign-policy issues this fall.

THIS STRATEGY is virtually forced upon the Party for a number of reasons. In a two-party situation where one of the parties is usually outnumbered, it is almost always bad politics for the minority party to stress issues which reinforce the basic cleavage. The party realignment of the 1930's proceeded from a profound popular distrust of Republican economics, and this distrust persists. Hence the Republican Party should normally avoid endorsing the economic views of its congressional majority when campaigning for the presidency. Remembering this rule by nominating General Eisenhower in 1952, the G.O.P. occupied the White House for eight years. Forgetting it by backing the right-to-work issue in 1958, Republican politicians suffered unprecedented electoral disasters in major industrial states like Ohio and California. Republicans may view President Johnson's "total war on poverty" as vote-getting demagoguery if they wish, but they would be ill-advised to campaign too militantly against him on this or any other domestic issue.

Concentration on foreign-policy issues also serves the useful purpose of uniting the Republican Party. Rockefeller and Goldwater may agree on nothing else, but both believe profoundly that the Administration has no coherent foreign policy and that our international posture would be much improved in Republican hands. Moreover, a successful foreign-policy campaign—as 1952 demonstrated—can cut across the dominant class-ethnic cleavage which has kept the G.O.P. in minority status for the past thirty years. Finally, the Administration is potentially quite vulnerable in this area, as is any incumbent administration. The facts of power in the world point in the direction of an increasingly obvious American inability to exercise the kind of control over allies and satellites which this country enjoyed in the decade following World War II. The frustrations and incoherence which surround so much of our foreign policy come in no small measure from a rigidly narrow,



moralistic reaction to such facts—an attitude which knows no party lines. Each party, when out of power, can quite validly criticize the results of this attitude in the foreign policy of the other party—without at any time raising questions about the attitude itself.

Senator Fulbright has recently issued a call to Americans to reconsider the premises by which they think about and conduct their foreign affairs. He obviously hopes that a serious discussion of such transformations as the development of polycentrism both in the Communist world and the West will lead to greater flexibility in public opinion and less reliance upon moralistic dogma as a substitute for hard thought. In the long run, his hope may be realized. The frontier era, which spawned so many of our basic political attitudes and taught us to expect easy, uncomplicated victories, disappeared into history three-quarters of a century ago. The cast of thought which it encouraged cannot indefinitely survive in a wholly new and vastly more complex environment.

At the same time, however, the impending “debate” on foreign policy between Republicans and Democrats will do little to speed the process. The purpose of political rhetoric is not education but the winning of votes. Votes are won far more easily by reinforcing latent hostilities and anxieties in the public mind than by attempting to transform basic attitudes. The Johnson Administration, with the Republican opposition and next November in mind, is not likely to take up Senator Fulbright’s initiative even if the President and his advisers are otherwise disposed to do so. It will attempt no such deviations from conventional wisdom as recognition of Red China or the open acknowledgement of the plain fact that as far as we are concerned Castro’s Cuba is here to stay, so long as it abstains from reckless adventures. The political rhetoric of the frontier, of the Older America, will keep the stars in their courses and our foreign policy in commission until the election is over.

THIS, THEN, is the preferred campaign strategy for Republicans in 1964. While in all probability it cannot be a winning strategy in this particular election—barring spectacular foreign-policy reverses such as the final collapse of South Vietnam—it has the second-best virtue of minimizing the party’s losses.

Assuming that the majority of Americans continue to adhere to some residue of liberal democracy, the G.O.P. could work out a successful long-range electoral strategy on one condition, and one only: that it display a liberal creativity in dealing with our accumulating domestic social problems, an openness to social change and experiment, which the Democrats cannot match. But the Party has displayed no such initiatives since Theodore Roosevelt’s time. Granted the structure of opinion among its Older-America and middle-to-upper-class supporters, such a course is out of the ques-

tion for the Republican Party as we know it. Since it therefore cannot basically alter the dominant political cleavage laid down in the 1930’s, it must rest content with Fabian tactics. It must work to suppress the political effects of this cleavage on an *ad hoc* basis by nominating popular celebrities who are “above politics” and by campaigning on a militantly orthodox, rigid anti-Communism as the basis of our foreign policy.

There is, however, one big “if” in this calculation. The assumption that the majority of politically active Americans will continue to be liberal, democratic and pluralistic in outlook may be mistaken. It may be that very large numbers of them will revolt against the complexity and social tensions of our era by taking refuge in the formulas of such terrible simplifiers as Senator Goldwater. In view of the nature of the Republican Party’s mass base, however, it seems much more likely that a conversion to a Goldwaterite strategy will occur within the Party long before American public opinion as a whole is prepared to accept this political ideology. With Lyndon Johnson in the White House, the timing is all wrong for such a move this year. If Goldwater somehow manages to win the party’s nomination anyway, the almost certain result will be unmitigated disaster at the polls for Republican candidates almost everywhere.

But the forces of grass-roots Older-American political alienation which have brought the Goldwater phenomenon into being run very deep in our political life. President Kennedy’s assassination has had no lasting effect upon the strength or pervasiveness of these forces. The chances remain pretty good that at some point in the near future they will capture the Republican Party and use it as a vehicle for Older America’s last-ditch stand against the perennial control of our national political destinies by the liberals and sophisticated conservatives of the metropolitan centers.

A Goldwaterite strategy might look like a winning, “breakthrough” strategy under the right circumstances; Right-wing Republican frustration with the limited results of the normal Fabian strategy is certainly understandable. But unless the American policy as a whole is already *in extremis*, any effort to win the game by radically changing the unwritten rules of political conflict will fail as the Bryan-Populist revolt failed in 1896. Moreover, the attempt itself would produce a much more decisive issue-cleavage between the two national parties than now exists. This in turn would stimulate a vast increase in the intensity of mass political participation. If the results of the 1958 right-to-work contests give us any criterion for judgment, such an increase would be unlikely to accrue to the benefit of Older-American conservatism.

The Republican dilemma—not only for 1964 but for the foreseeable future—is this. If the Party continues to apply the practical politicians’ rational game strategy

within the accepted rules of the current game, as it probably will this year, it will continue to lose most Presidential elections and virtually all hope of again capturing control of either house of Congress. If it seeks to win a decisive breakthrough by repudiating such strategy and embracing some variant of Goldwaterism, the G.O.P. will revolutionize the party system.

To be sure, such a move might do much to bring about the emergence of a two-party South, perhaps even a South predominantly Republican or "Conservative." But the size of the total political universe of ac-

tive voters is not eternally fixed at its present level. There are between forty and fifty million adult Americans, mostly of depressed class or racial background, who do not vote and are otherwise not effective participants in the present political system. It is difficult indeed to imagine them entering it at the extreme right wing of the ideological spectrum. Dare any conservative party run the risk of doing anything which might stimulate them to enter it at all? To a remarkable extent, the future shape of the political system is not in the hands of Democrats. The choice is up to the Republican Party.

A Successor to Strindberg

Alienation in Ingmar Bergman

HENRY H. L. ABRAHAM

THE FILMS of Ingmar Bergman have aroused tremendous interest and enthusiasm throughout the Western World, yet most people readily admit they don't really understand them, either individually, in trilogies, or *in toto*. Even some of the most faithful devotees, accustomed to seeing Bergman films over and over in a search for new meanings and insights, confess that they have come to the end of their wits with "The Silence."

¹ One of our most perceptive critics wrote that this latest Bergman film is a rebus, a puzzle, an enigma, obviously symbolic, but that its symbolism is precisely its defect. What he meant, of course, was that it was very difficult to interpret these symbols correctly. In a certain sense he spoke for the vast majority of viewers, who feel fascinated by this increasingly esoteric and symbolic Bergman world, who vaguely sense that here there is something deep and meaningful, but don't know precisely what it is. Yet here is the great paradox: the less they understand the manifest content, the more strongly they seem to be attracted to it. It is as if these films spoke to the inner recesses of our unconscious and dramatically portrayed what so many of us feel but cannot express. And even if we do not always understand the symbols, we instinctively feel that we are about to be led to the brink of a great truth about man, groping in the mid-twentieth century, in short, a revelation about ourselves. It is a truth we often sense emotionally, like Bergman himself, without really understanding it intellectually.

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One has only to glance at some reviews about Bergman films to realize that the films have become like so many Rorschach inkblots, onto which we project our favorite theories and prejudices. This is precisely what he wants us to do. It is one of the keys to the almost hypnotic fascination with which he spellbinds his audience. "A film is made to create reaction," he writes. "If the audience doesn't react one way or another, it is an indifferent work and worthless." In other words, he challenges us to react and participate in the task of understanding. The question is: Can we find any underlying themes in these screenplays? Is there an understandable psychology that permeates these seemingly diverse films, is there a thread, an undercurrent of consistency beneath the manifest chaotic surface? Apparently there is.

The popularity of Bergman in the U.S. dates from 1957. This popularity was not won overnight, either in this country or even in his native Sweden. He had been writing and directing films since 1945 for Svensk Filmindustri, the producer. Not until his "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955) was shown at the Cannes Film Festival in 1956 was he accorded general recognition at home and abroad. The first of his films to be shown in the U.S. was "Three Strange Loves" (1949). Here we find some of the basic elements of most Bergman films: an almost clinical portrayal of a day in the life of an anxious and turbulent marriage, in which husband and wife appear, not so much as partners, but as antagonists, tearing at each other's emotions, exhausting each other in the process.

In this very first film to be shown here we can already detect Bergman's spiritual progenitor, the man in whose

shadow a whole generation of modern playwrights and authors have worked, namely August Strindberg. In Strindberg's "The Father", as well as in "The Creditors", married life is presented as a perpetual war, a struggle for power between the partners, a battle of love and hate between man and woman, vacillating between the extremes of romantic idealization and abject hostility. Yet at times Strindberg rises above the description of tormenting, tormented souls and assumes a philosophical distance. "But dear God," says the nurse, "why must two people torment the lives out of each other? Two people who are so good and kind to everyone else?" ("The Father"). This, too, is the attitude of Bergman in "Three Strange Loves." The mutual hostility is clinically portrayed as an example of the many-sidedness of the human character here, noble and degraded, implying a question: Is this inevitable? It remains a question. It is the same question which is implied in "The Silence." Why does life have to be so difficult for so many people? Why can't they find satisfaction and peace?

BERGMAN does not preach. He depicts, portrays, analyzes the confusion of human emotions, the noblest as well as the basest. But he remains always the artist. Or perhaps one should say psychologist. For he presents his people as he sees them and understands them. He never judges, never condemns. In "The Silence," even the relationship of the intellectual Ester to the animalistic Anna, with its overt and covert Lesbian overtones, is not depicted as one of depravity. Even between these two sisters, who in their desperate search to communicate with someone, have fallen to pretty low levels in the scale of human dignity, there is an element of kindness, even tenderness. When Ester falls in tears at the door of her sister's bedroom, after being forced to witness one of Anna's orgies, we cannot feel but compassion for her isolation and her loneliness. Bergman pities his poor and bewildered people, not condescendingly, but as one who realizes that their problems, though manifested in a hundred different ways, are essentially the problems of all humanity.

This is an approach to life, made more explicit by Strindberg. In his book, *Inferno*, whose very title could serve as the epitome of many Bergman films, he writes: "Where will you go then, all you who suffer from sleeplessness, and you who walk the streets, waiting for the sun to rise? Have you noticed in the stillness of the night, or even in broad daylight, how memories of your past life stir and are resurrected, one by one, or two by two? All the mistakes you have made, all your crimes, all your follies, that make you blush to your very ear-tips, bring a cold sweat to your brow and send shivers down your spine. You relive the life you have lived, from your birth to the very last day that is. You suffer again all the sufferings you have endured, you drink again all the cups of bitterness you have so often

drained." We need only think of Professor Isak Borg, in "Wild Strawberries," when we read this passage, or indeed of most of the restless Bergman protagonists driven by demonic furies.

Demonic figures, like "The Magician" or the harassed knight in "The Seventh Seal," may at first strike us like creatures from another world. But it soon becomes apparent that the medieval crusading knight is not a child of the Dark Ages, but belongs to our own dark age, a medieval knight with a twentieth-century soul. He is a modern Everyman in shining armor. "My life has been a futile pursuit, a wandering, a great deal of talk without meaning," he says. "I feel no bitterness or self-reproach because the lives of most people are very much like this." Historical figures are used only to present modern conflicts on a more universal plane, by making them less timebound. Bergman seems to feel that these problems, though we experience them today in exaggerated form, have always been with us. With the existentialists he sees them as part of the "human condition."

What is the problem with which these people struggle? What is it that drives them to such outpourings of despair? What pushes them towards the periphery of sanity, and in some cases, actually beyond it? Is there anything they all have in common, an underlying characteristic, of which all their manifold symptoms are but expressions?

The central problem common to all of them is that of *alienation*. Alienation, though it has a long history, is much more pervasive today. It pervades the relationship of man to his work, to his fellow man and to himself. This last form is the most injurious to his mental equilibrium.

What is meant by the term? It refers to that process of dissociation, or estrangement, in which man begins to experience *himself* as an alien. He is no longer, or feels himself no longer, as an integrated human being. He has become estranged, not only from others, whom he can no longer understand, but also from himself. What is more, he is alienated from the world around him, a world of material things, a mechanized world of machines to which he has become a slave, instead of being master. He does not feel himself as the initiator of his own actions, but somehow the plaything of superior forces, both social and economic, which hold him in their grip. There are, of course, different degrees of alienation and the totally alienated person, who is completely out of contact with the world around him, is the insane person. But without actually reaching this state, many people today acutely feel this sense of alienation, of which loneliness and anxiety are direct symptoms.

A GOOD illustration of an *alienated world*, not just an estranged relationship, is to be seen in "The Silence."

Here, two sisters, Ester and Anna, travel towards their home in Sweden, through an unknown country, whose language they do not understand. They are forced to put up at a strange hotel, where there are no other human beings except a group of dwarfs, who are likewise cut off from the normal world. The only human being around is an old waiter, but he does not speak their language either. They can only talk by means of signs.

In this world all the links of communication have broken down. Even the violent love-making between Anna and a waiter she picks up is totally devoid of human understanding. She cannot even speak to him or he to her, because of the language barrier. It is perhaps the irony of this film that Anna is actually glad she cannot talk to him. Alienation provides people with a certain protection; they can behave in socially unacceptable and morally degrading ways because they can hide beneath a cloak of anonymity. Many of the apartment-dwellers in modern cities, cloaked beneath an all-pervading anomie, lead just such lives. This world in "The Silence" no longer seems to be a real world. It has rather the aspects of a dream world. We know nothing of the two women. We get only glimpses of details, faces, landscapes. There is an outer unreality—the faces of the people on the street are anonymous, as in a dream. The two sisters live in a vacuum, each enclosed in her own lonely world! Outer reality does not touch or concern them—the only reality is inside. They exist in a social vacuum, an emotional vacuum, that finally turns into a moral vacuum.

This is Bergman's view of what the world looks like to an alienated and isolated person. This is what the world really is like for many people today. Strindberg, in his post-Inferno period, depicted just such a world. In the introduction to his "Dream Play," he explains that he "has sought to reproduce the disconnected but apparently logical form of a dream. Anything can happen; everything is possible and probable. Time and space do not exist. On a slight groundwork of reality, imagination spins and weaves new patterns made up of memories, experiences, unfettered fantasies, absurdities, and improvisations. The characters are split, double and multiply. They evaporate, crystallize, scatter and converge. But a single consciousness holds sway over them all—that of the dreamer." These words were written in 1901. They might just as well have been used in 1964, for the introduction to "The Silence."

This brings us to the final point, but perhaps the most important one for Bergman's view. Everything in the sisters' situation smacks of degradation, captivity, blind desire, lack of love. This is the way existence looks, Bergman seems to say, when Silence reigns. But whose silence? God's silence. In "Winter Light" he showed a minister wrestling with his faith and losing it. The pastor loses his faith, goes on living, but he finds he

cannot, alas, go on loving. What kind of world are we faced with, asks Bergman, when God does not answer? The world of "The Silence." An alienated world in which each person blindly pursues the path of self-indulgence and ego-gratification. Bergman has chosen sex to illustrate this, a sex without love, but he could have just as well chosen any of the other currently fashionable roads to "salvation," or escape. It is a road without either faith or love and leads to increasing isolation and reduced sensitivity, therefore to more and more alienation from others, and eventually from the self. This, Bergman wants to show, is not the way.

What then, is the way? Like others, Bergman is only searching. Perhaps in a future film, he will show us a better way—a healthier one, in which man can relate to others more positively. But perhaps not. In Sweden Bergman is not regarded as a prophet, only, as he calls himself, a "conjurer," and a recorder of the human scene. What he will show us in future films would be presumptuous to predict. His great achievement is that more than any other living director, fearlessly, unmercifully he has laid bare the emotions of man's inner life, torn from the very depth of his soul, and projected on to the screen.

Perhaps this may contribute towards a re-examination and a mitigation of the blindness of people in our alienated world. That is the only hope for a less somber reflection of our society in the future, and hence the only hope for a brighter Ingmar Bergman world to come. The widespread popularity of his films, especially among young people, is evidence of the fact that there are still those who are eager to search within and to understand. As long as there are people going to see these films, that search is not dead, and so there is hope that the silence may yet be answered.

Honors Section

Students who ask
'what is reality' I tell:
it is in the iambic pentameter
of Chaucer—difficult occasionally
to construe, a few reversed
feet, yet caught within
the mystery of numbers
and subserving the literal,
the improbable, the symbol.
Look for, instead of consciousness,
the play of the actual:
not the cauterized and isolate capacity,
but 'Life.'
I see you all there, unclerical,
of this world.
I give you my innocence.

CAROL JOHNSON

In a recent issue of the *Kansas City Catholic Reporter*, Norma Krause Herzfeld commented on *The New Republic* on the occasion of its 50th anniversary. After discussing the history and ideals of that journal, she closed her column with the following words: "In the last few years under a new editor it has become the most trenchant, informed and lively journal, giving new lustre to the liberal voice in America. Its circulation is nearing 100,000.

"The counterpart of *The New Republic* among Catholic weeklies is the independent liberal *COMMONWEAL*, which has just begun a campaign to raise its circulation into the 40-thousands. Why hasn't *THE COMMONWEAL* enlarged its circle of readers at a similar pace? Part of the answer is that there is no liberal Catholic establish-

ment to offer solid support.

"Its dilemma, however, is reflected in its own promotional literature where it mentions issues it 'has confronted recently.' The first two listed are 'How far should the President go in risking nuclear war?' and 'Does the layman have the right to criticize the clergy?' Such issues differ by order of magnitude. The first is the concern of many publications. The second is rather vague, almost irrelevant, unless it is tied to specific issues which *THE COMMONWEAL* often ignores. It is not surprising that some of the best output of its staff members recently has appeared in other magazines.

"Despite the fact that it is still a favorite target of conservatives, many loyal and devoted admirers feel that it has become over the years relatively

conservative itself. Now that much of its liberal stock in trade—ecumenism, pluralism, broad discussion of the role of Catholic education—has become successful and fashionable, what are its new frontiers?"

Naturally, Mrs. Herzfeld's comments intrigued us. At the same time, we felt that, given space, she could probably enlarge upon them, both for our enlightenment and for our readers'. Hence, we asked her to spell out her viewpoint in more detail, and she has done so in the following article.

Since discretion is the better part of valor, we will not comment on her criticisms ourselves. But we would be interested in hearing from our readers, whether in agreement with her or not, on the problems she raises.

THE EDITORS

Message to the Editors

What's Wrong with Commonweal

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD

HAVING WRITTEN several paragraphs on *THE COMMONWEAL*, and now been graciously invited to fill up several pages in the very object itself, I feel somewhat like Mrs. Astor on the Titanic. "Good Lord," she said as the iceberg smashed into her stateroom. "I ordered ice, but *this* is ridiculous!" Perhaps the editors will soon feel likewise.

I took the liberty, being a coward, of consulting with nearly a dozen knowledgeable critics, all longtime, desperately loyal partisans of the magazine, on what they thought about its conservatism, the issues it is missing and its new frontiers. I found surprisingly similar views: "You always know what position they'll take on every issue and they tend to dismiss more and more the realities of so many situations." "I never feel that *inside* view, I feel I'm reading what some perceptive readers have read somewhere else and are now relaying to me." "They have gone over and over the same subjects too much."

When I say conservative, I do not mean that *THE COMMONWEAL* should suddenly take off on a wild

crusade to retire bishops and pastors at the age of 45 or turn over the Catholic University to laymen or move Vatican City out of Italy. I do mean that "Do the laymen have the right to criticize the clergy?" is not a real issue. I believe that all human beings, and especially Christians, have a tradition of civility, no matter what their status, and they should engage in rational conversation on any subject. Criticism may be involved on any side. There should be no subjects that cannot be examined sensitively among men. Since we are not angels, politics and fears abound, but these should be minimized if not ignored. Without controversy we would all still be living in caves.

I do mean that a magazine can become too wedded to pet issues, too apt to generalize, too removed from the ordinary environment. It can produce an atmosphere of stodginess from thought to format. I do not begrudge the professors who need the extra work, but identification of writers as "a member of the faculty of . . ." runs through *THE COMMONWEAL* like a haunting refrain, and the Groves of Academe leave their heavy mark. When it was so fortunate as to be able to bring in William Shannon as its Washington correspondent, it introduced him by saying, "The increasing importance

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD, Washington correspondent for *The Catholic Reporter* and other diocesan weeklies, publicly admits to reading *The Commonweal*.

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of Washington as perhaps the most important seat of government in the world gives Mr. Shannon's column a special importance . . ." Well, one thinks, aside from the grammar, now that polycentrism is at our heels and the Capital, which has been the center of the world since 1940, is slightly less important, if anything, the old dears *are* coming along.

I do not necessarily want THE COMMONWEAL to criticize more. I want it to report more. It must on the one hand tackle much more complex issues, and on the other hand do it more journalistically and less academically. It is essentially a magazine first before it is an instrument of ecumenical dialogue or a catalyst for school aid. Its preoccupation with other roles can affect its basic identity and function. Does THE COMMONWEAL read good, like a magazine should?

WHAT ARE some of those new frontiers related specifically to religion? Philosophy is one. We hear that Thomism is not the answer to a maiden's prayer, nor many other modern predicaments of post-Christian man. What about sympathetic studies of the thought of twentieth-century philosophers and their relevance? And how about looking more into the whole area of psychology and psychoanalysis? Biblical studies: What are we learning from archaeology about the origin of the Old Testament, for example, in Babylonian myths of the flood? Natural law: How does the rest of the world look at natural law? Does it have other expressions and modes? Is some conventional natural-law thinking irrelevant today? Evolution: Has the human race developed from one pair of people or not? What is the status of evolution and race? To what extent does evolution confirm or deny basic differences between races? Scientific research: What does science say about some positions the Church has taken a firm stand on? As the ability to create life in the test tube comes closer, what about the nature of human life? What about intelligence in animals: is there a sharp break or a continuum? What if there are 10 billion inhabited planets?

Birth control: THE COMMONWEAL has asked, "Is the matter of birth control and family planning such a closed issue that it can no longer be discussed in depth?" and implied that it is not. I would like to see more about Church attitudes throughout history, as well as biological, demographic and psychological facts that are coming in every day and adding to our insight. Speaking of the article of Father Louis Janssens, Louvain theologian, which has been attacked by some American theologians because he says "the pill" is morally usable, THE COMMONWEAL asked, "Would an American theological journal have published Father Janssens' article? We have our doubts." But would THE COMMONWEAL at least tell its readers what this interesting article is about? Have "the family" and fertility become ends in themselves? Is death control moral? Is it true to say

editorially that, "Catholics, of course, are reluctant to see tax funds used to pay for instruction in a practice that *they consider immoral*"? (Emphasis mine.) I have heard estimates that as many as 65 percent of married Catholics use contraceptives; polls show that 49 percent of all Catholics think the Church's attitude on the use of contraceptives should be changed; and a recent study revealed that more than 90 percent of *all* white American married couples practice some form of birth control.

Population problems: Back in 1959 a COMMONWEAL editor wrote, "In countries like the U.S., the normal annual expansion in productive capacity takes care of the usual population increase. This automatic expansion is lacking in the non-industrialized countries . . ." The U.S. has high unemployment, a labor force growing at more than a million a year, crowded cities full of social unrest, a countryside blighted by haphazard overdevelopment, polluted air, water and environment. As populations grow so rapidly there is no automatic solution anywhere. Yet COMMONWEAL still exhibits a tendency to think of world overpopulation solely in terms of growing enough food. But this problem must be thought of in terms of social and political structures, psychological stresses, capital formation, cultural deprivation and many other factors.

The relevance of God and institutional religion to society is a perennial problem. What insights are supplied by the social sciences to keep institutions (at least the human parts) from getting moribund? How would an anthropologist look at our middle-class folkways and mentalities which often obscure our vision and confuse religion with social conformity? How can we cut away some of the "cultural garbage" we have accumulated and show forth the essentials of Christianity? (Cultural garbage, e.g.: some early Church Fathers warned that women should never wear purple garments because these inflamed the passions of the men and resulted in immorality.)

What are some new frontiers more specifically world-oriented? Just a few in passing: What are the implications of the social sciences, particularly the behavioral sciences? What do they say about the nature of man, of motivation, of human possibilities? How can levels of understanding and awareness be increased? What does public opinion research reveal in the political arena, particularly in regard to popular democracy?

It has been a month of Sundays since COMMONWEAL mentioned a word about music, though it is committed to "the arts." Its drama criticism is unexcelled, but where is architecture? Surely in our rapidly uglifying world the aesthetics of life are a first-rate concern. How about artists, musicians and architects writing about the cultural climate and their work? How about evaluations of our public buildings and some of the awful houses we live in?

Altogether we haven't heard much about the cultural situation. We haven't heard it for the plight of the city. This brings up, too, the problem of reporting, and the problem of humor. (Is *COMMONWEAL* edited by The Solemn Americans?) Why not send an editor out for a breezy report on the New York World's Fair, the frantic Stock Exchange, the state of Lincoln Center, some particular U.N. session, or Casey Stengel at Shea Stadium? Or less breezy reports on urban situations with which New York is overflowing. Use New York as *The New Republic* uses Washington.

The general handling of economic issues has been confined to collective bargaining and labor strikes. Gunnar Myrdal, Robert Theobald and David Bazelon have their new economic insights buried in a couple of those skimpy book reviews. What about the proprietary society and power without property? What about allocation of resources, the necessity of economic planning, utilization of our full economic capacities? Few things are more important than breaking down our economic myths about the small businessman, free enterprise, the national budget and public spending.

IN THE AREA of arms and arms control, *THE COMMONWEAL* tells us in January that "the arms race no longer is accelerating," and in March that "the proliferation of these increasingly powerful ultimate weapons continues." It gives us an incredibly wrong figure: that we have over 80,000 missiles equipped with nuclear warheads. It always speaks in clichés like "balance of terror" and "thermonuclear holocaust," and further fosters an emotional approach by overweighting its pages with pacifist views. It is all well and good to have the insights and viewpoints of the pacifists, but to load us up, for instance in 1962, with Gordon Zahn, Justus George Lawler, Thomas Merton and Leslie Dewart is a preponderance. Zahn says "a far more horrible war is about to begin." Lawler and Merton call their opponents literally demons. Merton says, "Not only are they (U.S. and Russia) committed to the use of nuclear weapons for self-defense, but even to their use in first-strike attack if it should be expedient—this while the U.S. government was working desperately to get us into a defense-only, second-strike capability. Dewart speaks only of "total war" and "total victory" as U.S. policy when as a matter of fact the government was involved in a fundamental battle with the radical right over its "no-win," non-total policy.

In this myopic preoccupation with thermonuclear theology, *THE COMMONWEAL* gives us little about the actual problems of disarmament and we hear practically nothing about the ethics of the cold war and co-existence—the problems of power and morality involved, for instance, in guerrilla warfare, subversion and indirect aggression, colonialism, economic and military intervention, embargoes and blockades, propaganda.

COMMONWEAL's excellent coverage on Vietnam and the Congo was a concrete wedge into some of these problems, but let's have some follow-up and some of that "theology."

THE COMMONWEAL has maintained a running commentary on foreign aid, but at a crucial moment it completely misjudged the Clay Report and its tragic impact in the cutthroat foreign aid battle. "Such a report has been needed," said the magazine. "It is on the whole a very temperate, gradualist proposal for lessening United States military and economic burdens in the free and developing world." If one were really committed to foreign aid one could not consistently accept any proposal for "lessening" it, and a consistent reaction would have led, if anything, to the publication of George Meany's dissent from the bankers and businessmen who wrote the report.

THE COMMONWEAL approach to world economic development has been on a rather low-level foreign-aid-as-usual key rather than on spelling out the vast problems before us in terms of the long-range realities, such as those gathered together in Robert Heilbroner's *The Great Ascent*. Heilbroner points out not only the magnitude of the job, but the inescapable necessity of much social and political tragedy going hand in hand with it. He destroys the happy but prevalent myths of world transition.

I think *THE COMMONWEAL* is altogether too sanguine about the disappearance of American isolation. Although it has a U.N. piece once in a while, it gives us no needed vision of the ever-accelerating interdependence of the world, and lacks the insight not only of Suhard, but of Teilhard de Chardin. We can leave Teilhard's theology and science to technical experts, but we are failing miserably to grasp his fabulous view of the trend to community and his optimism over human survival and ultimate development. In the concrete I would like to see more specifics on the organization of the earth by science and technology, international trade, education and inter-cultural activities, and the implications of the general commitment to a universal declaration of human rights.

WHEN I SAID that *COMMONWEAL*'s stock-in-trade of pluralism, ecumenism and Catholic education had been eminently successful, I did not mean there was nothing more to be done here. But many of my consultants simply can't imagine what more could be said about federal aid to parochial schools, nor do they care. I would like to see *COMMONWEAL* follow recent openings to the left by Philip Scharper, Daniel Callahan and Henry Browne and get into American education. If parochial schools survive they will reflect the public schools, good or bad, and it is with the public schools and all education that we should be concerned. Can we save the humanities? Can we cope with the infor-

mation inundation? Can we educate cross-culturally for world community? And before we leave the pluralistic society, one very large question: How will that generation of Catholics who have emerged "from the ghetto" by getting themselves an education with great economic effort—and who now have a spectacularly high birth rate—be able to continue this tradition and send their numerous children to colleges that now cost much, much more?

Thanks to Xavier Rynne's pioneering efforts, the second session of the Council seems to have been covered from Rome by everybody but Nikita Khrushchev. What we would like to know about now is the actual implementation of *aggiornamento*. One of my consultants wants "a series on the present effect of Council proceedings in a half dozen dioceses around the country, including quotes from bottleneck bishops, clergy and laity." Likewise some spot reports on Catholic's participation in desegregation, public welfare hassles, civic planning, etc. In other words, more attention to how American Catholics are *doing* in 1964 and after two sessions of the Council that is supposed to have changed the face of the Church." By all means let's hear about what Catholics are doing in civil rights elections in Kansas City and the Northwest, how they are holding

dialogue Masses behind locked doors on the West coast, how the Poles in Milwaukee and the Italians in Cleveland become panic victims.

We have been led to believe that in the past twenty years American Catholics have left their sectarian tribalisms for the broader reaches of American life. Perhaps that emergence has not yet been as broad or as rapid as we thought. Certainly the fact that *THE COMMONWEAL*, an indispensable and unique artifact of Catholic intellectual life in America ("the" indispensable, said one of my consultants) can only find slightly more than 30,000 readers among 40 million American Catholics suggests that although it has its shortcomings, the quality of Catholic life itself leaves very much to be desired.

I am inclined to be optimistic enough, however, to believe that *THE COMMONWEAL*, in a concerted drive with its readers and supporters for excellence and coverage and circulation, could reach 50,000 subscribers and a few discerning patrons who can relieve it of its pressing financial burdens and ease to some extent its cruelly limited resources. All these suggestions I have made here are enough for more than a dozen *COMMONWEALS*, but we have only one, and if we didn't have that we should have to invent it.

One Man's View

Heavenly Junkyard

WILFRID SHEED

GOD'S OWN JUNKYARD by Peter Blake (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) says what all of us have been thinking about the deterioration of the American landscape—says it so well and so insistently that a certain mood of rebellion sets in after a while. As every good preacher knows, if your sermon is pitched on too sustained a note of righteousness, the devil soon begins to sound uncommonly attractive; and there were times in reading Mr. Blake's book when I found myself siding furtively with the broken beer bottles and the decrepit hot-dog stands that represent the powers of darkness in his world.

No doubt Mr. Blake is right: the American scene is a vulgar mess. And he has certainly assembled some gruesome pictures to hammer the point home with. And yet if I had seen some of these pictures while abroad, I believe I should have been racked with the

most agonizing homesickness. Beauty you can find anywhere—but where but in America could you get this Laocoon twist of highways, or the wild shriek of motel signs, gas-station, friendly finance, Seaview Apts., Duncan Hines, Rubber Stamps, Fred's Place Health Beauty Vodka Gin, that signals the onslaught of a new town over here?

Perverse sentimentality, no doubt, like a slave pining for his chains—yet the appeal of this continent is ambiguous, and the purist may in his turn be missing some of its richer flavors. An America with well-groomed parks, no candy-wrappers, and absolutely no vulgarity can still be found here and there—but it is not an America you are likely to miss when you go abroad. For myself, I have always preferred the most garish signs of human life to all those acres of rolling farmland (to this squinty eye, the farmers have defiled the countryside almost as much in a good cause as businessmen have in a bad one), so perhaps I shouldn't be talking about this

WILFRID SHEED, author of *A Middle Class Education* (Houghton, Mifflin), and *The Hack* (Macmillan), contributes a regular column to these pages.

at all. But I can't help thinking that Mr. Blake would have made a stronger case if he hadn't hounded vulgarity and ugliness quite so relentlessly. They have their own poetry, particularly when seen at their absolute worst, as in some of his pictures. Fifty neon signs on top of each other represent vulgarity pushed to its limit, and it seems to me priggish not to be exhilarated by this.

A duller but sounder book would have concentrated more on the tame vulgarity, the vulgarity without vitality, that is elbowing the old circus-barking variety out of business. The Howard Johnsons lined along the Jersey Turnpike, sleek and lifeless as Norman Rockwell paintings, are infinitely more depressing than the chaotic moth-eaten diners of yesteryear. The jaunty junkiness of the thirties and early forties should not be bracketed with these seamless, jointless nightmares. There is a hierarchy of junk, and "tasteful" junk belongs towards the bottom of it.

Another important distinction should be made between degrees of monotony. The basic American main-street has become not so much ugly as almost completely featureless. If there was only one copy of it, it would be feverishly interesting: but you cannot duplicate vitality, and every town seems a little more drear than the one before. Every restaurant seems to have been outfitted by the same red-leather seat factory. Vulgarity becomes institutionalized, and even we, its devotees, become suddenly overwhelmed and saddened.

On the other hand, an outrageous mess like the new Park Avenue, hall of dead mirrors, still has plenty of grim charm for us. The gallant childishness which tears down one of the pleasantest of urban streets to put up an uneven row of morose boxes is certainly worth a tear. But that is the state of civilization we seem to be in. We are not really ready for monuments yet. We continue to thresh about with heart-breaking destructiveness: and yet Europeans still find a fascination in New York unequalled by other cities. It is always glittering and new for them, and they don't stay long enough to mourn over the cost. And when you, as a resident, show your visitor the scene of these disorganized ravages, you find that you don't have to feel too embarrassed after all.

Except of course by the twin curses of slums and subways. The fetidness of these passes beyond questions of taste. An English friend of mine recently lost all his somewhat overdone appetite for New York in the course of one short ride on the B.M.T. subway. That a community of civilized, far-from-destitute people should continue to tolerate the B.M.T. does indeed take some believing—and yet there is a certain stark ugliness about it, a crude something or other . . .

THE SUBWAY brings us screeching back to reality. Squalor may be all very well for a visit, but Mr. Blake is ultimately on the side of the angels. The above is

mostly a daydream during the sermon: in real life, a little vulgarity goes quite far enough. Perhaps the solution would be to have vulgarity reserves, like National Parks, where the vestigial taste can be satisfied. (Miami Beach would do for a start.) For the rest, Mr. Blake's thesis seems altogether unanswerable.

In relation to cities, he points out that the present ground-rules of the real-estate game encourage junk architecture. The taxes on desirable land have been puffed to such a size that the owner dares not waste a minute in shooting up his latest mushroom. Interior design is rigidly determined by the need to rent every square-inch as quickly as possible. The architect is strait-jacketed into the role of hack. And if the owner can, by some lush chance, afford to thumb his nose at these requirements there is always the dreadful example of the Seagram's building ahead of him: the Seagram's building, you will remember, was taxed extra for being beautiful.

It is one of the bemusements of democracy-living that voters can channel so much agitation into the small area which is technically political while ignoring these things which directly affect the whole quality of their lives. Many political issues are relatively remote and artificial, compared with this problem of junk building. Yet how many people are sorry to see the city collect its taxes from a sleazy building boom? How many New Yorkers if it comes to that, object to the new office-buildings in the center of town that put so much extra strain on our creaky transportation system? (If the Pan American building is worth so much to the city, surely some of the tax-money could go directly into improving the subways.)

Since these questions are not presented politically, the citizenry pretty much ignores them, leaving it to the aestheticians to fulminate away in the privacy of books. The subway brutalizes all of us; it breeds a level of ill-nature, of liverish anxiety that affects the whole community. Parents come home exhausted, to children who have been over-trained in the arts of rudeness. The consequences ramify endlessly. And yet the steamy, Hogarthian scenes that are acted out twice a day beneath our streets to everyone's debasement are not, so far as I know, high on the reform agendas of any of our political parties.

Mr. Blake realizes that the voters will not pay one cent for aesthetics, and in speaking about that other curse, the billboard blight, he points out hopefully that these inane pictures are dangerous as well as crass. Yet even this appeal seems likely to prove ineffective: and one is left wondering, as with the subways, what *does* strike people as important? At what point do they stir in their solipsist slumbers and say, no, go away?

God's Own Junkyard ends with a rather unexpected swipe at the condition of art in America. It is too late in the column to start up another argument, just as Mr.

Blake's argument comes too late in the book to be supported, but it always makes one suspicious to see a whole profession condemned with one Johnsonian gesture. In this case, I think it may shed some useful light on the author's own aesthetic. Art is not, says Denis de Rougement, primarily concerned with beauty. I believe that if Mr. Blake had a better sense of what modern American art is primarily concerned with, and of what it is a response to, he would be better able to discriminate between good and bad junk, good and bad vulgarity, and that he might have written us an even more valuable book.

THE SCREEN

Love and Compost

MY ONLY real row with the movie version of "The Chalk Garden" is that it isn't as good as the play. Ordinarily it is rather time-wasting for a critic to go on and on comparing a film with the original work from which it came. If the movie is good, it's good no matter what changes were made. "The Chalk Garden" is a good movie. But Enid Bagnold's original fable about man's need for love, although seemingly thin on the surface, had brilliantly witty lines and arguments that carried its moral far beyond the obvious sermon. The screenplay, written by John Michael Hayes from the Bagnold play, has not only dropped some of the bright dialogue but has enlarged the role of the sixteen-year-old girl who is the victim of this loveless house. Emphasizing this character (no doubt, so that Hayley Mills would play it) detracts from the other roles which were more important on the stage. The movie still gets the main point, however, and if the whole thing seems somewhat soap-operaish now, it still conveys dramatically that you can't catch flies with vinegar or expect people to grow up normally without love any more than you could expect plants to survive in the sour earth of a chalk garden without some tender care and a little extra sustenance from the compost heap.

As soon as Deborah Kerr gets the job as governess to Hayley Mills in this attractive house on the chalky cliffs of southern England, she realizes what is wrong with the sad-looking garden and with the insufferable girl who needs, along with some love, some sound spanking. Although handicapped by her own problems, but perhaps more determined because of them, the governess struggles against odds to help her charge who is growing into a most repelling young woman. The odds include the head of the house, the girl's domineering grandmother who is interested mainly in her pathetic garden and is particularly bitter that her daughter has married again—this time for love. Unfortunately the girl

has been brought up to believe that she is unloved by her mother and not particularly wanted by anyone else; so, to attract a little attention around the place, she tells lies, some of which are quite shocking, and has an obsession to set fires—which could indeed prove serious. In fact, it is part of the houseman's job to see to it that the girl's fires don't get out of control.

Ross Hunter has given this allegory a first-rate production with fine Technicolor photography of the house and garden, much of which was shot on location, and an outstanding cast well directed by Ronald Neame. Deborah Kerr is somewhat ladylike as a woman fresh out of prison, but she succeeds in making the governess sensitive, penetrating, strong, and determined—all qualities quite necessary in sparring with the girl and everyone else in this confused house. As the wacky boss around the place, Dame Edith Evans makes the grandmother domineering, self-centered, unsure of herself, but also determined to keep the girl—even if only to spite the girl's mother who wants to lead a life of her own away from *her* mother. John Mills is effective as the understanding houseman whose friendship with the governess promises to grow; and Elizabeth Sellers, as the girl's mother, and Felix Aylmer, as a visiting judge, are fine in supporting roles. Hayley Mills is a little out of her class surrounded by these actors whose roles should have been bigger, and director Neame lets her make the girl somewhat too nasty at times, but she shines in her verbal duels with the governess; and even she realizes she's started a fire that may not be put out when her machinations lead to an exposure of the woman's past. "The Chalk Garden" may sound like soap opera when it says, "Love is the most important word in the language," but even TV would be proud to have soap operas of this high caliber.

EVERY NOW and then, a little unpretentious film turns up with more food for thought than the big grade-A production. Such a movie is this French-German-Italian movie called "Stop Train 349." Filmed on a train and in Germany, it tells a gripping story with a ticklish problem. When the train, going from Berlin to West Germany, gets to the last Russian checkpoint in East Germany, the young American lieutenant in charge, not knowing that an East German refugee has been smuggled on the train, refuses to let the Russians make the search. The Russians have been tipped off and insist. Then the lieutenant discovers the refugee, promises him safety, and calls his colonel for orders. What happens from there on in provides some exciting cinema that is made even more tense by the fascinating moral and military situation proposed by the plot. This is by no means a great film; and it's not star-studded (Sean Flynn, Errol's handsome young son, as the lieutenant; José Ferrer as an unpleasant American reporter, Nicole Courcel as a nurse); but director

Rolf Haedrich manages to keep us on the edge of our chairs and pull us in several directions as to what should be done. You'll find the pulling well worth the train trip.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Muddy Blues

FOR ALL his eloquence, James Baldwin has muddled at least two separately vital issues in *Blues for Mr. Charlie*: the art of dramatic writing and the responsibilities of polemics. In the theater, both have been—and can be—compatible. Shaw believed, with a measure of peculiarly personal success supporting him, that preaching was an art in which he could use “a forensic technique of recrimination, disillusion, and penetration through ideals to the truth, with a free use of all the rhetorical and lyrical arts of the orator, the preacher, the pleader, and the rhapsodist.”

Taken on such terms, Baldwin's polemics might seem to meet all the central necessities of dramatic art. Indeed, given his subject and the full extent of his feelings, given so much rage undisguised, it would appear that Baldwin's promise as a dramatist exceeds Shaw's actual achievement. His concern is more directly personal. He speaks daggers to our daily headlines and exposes the heated agony beneath their cold formations. Trumpet-tongued, flinging angry grenades from the pulpit in his heart, he writes as if passion could never be spent. As Shaw would have it, he recriminates, penetrates, and makes a rhapsody of rhetoric. But for all this, for all the undoubted drama at his command, the guiding element is missing: he preaches, but he doesn't argue.

The story and theme of his play are familiar, not only from headlines and the pressures of communal and individual guilt, but from Baldwin's superb, vaulting essays. Here, shifting in and out of past and present, he tells a tale of standardized Southern murder and injustice. Whitetown is ranged against Blacktown over the combustible force of Richard Henry, the local Negro minister's son, just returned from eight years in New York where he sought and found vengeance in jazz, white women, and drugs. Back home, he has a catalytic effect on the entire community: on his father, whom he accuses of being a public man and not a private man at all; on Juanita, the tomboy left behind, now grown into a stunning, articulate woman, falling into quick and inexplicable love for him; on Lyle Britten, the poorest of ox-like whites, provoked by Richard into killing him; and Parnell, the would-be maverick editor of the local newspaper, the conciliator who fails not only both sides, but himself. Into this bursting

framework, Baldwin places a patchwork of duologues, reminiscences, lamentations, soliloquies, an abstracted trial, and one brimstone-and-fire sermon. Seams crack, form never settles, choices take on arbitrary life, and people seem often to be quoting famous writers. A living newspaper, his play is more editorial than story, damaging to itself because the newsprint leaps with such startling energy from the page only to reveal its colors—blacks, whites, and emotive reds—as having been smudged and blurred along the way.

Inspired blots do not forge drama. For lack of argument, we are forced back on assertions. And these, by their documentary nature, their sense of incident untransformed, their unmediated factualness, take us toward fringe areas of truth while leaving center depths unplumbed. No play can bear the weightlessness of simple statement, regardless of its observable reality. Truths we know to be self-evident are, by definition, the last material for drama. That white oppresses black relentlessly, that the inhumanity causes psychic ruin to both, that the damage may be by now irreparable, that we are all murderous brothers under the skin, that power and lack of conscience make cowards of us all, may be demonstrated with a certain degree of assertive ease; but to make drama from the demonstration requires a submissive will, an urge to give oneself to the turbulent currents of dramatic forms, the stuff of life that can't be nailed to bulletin boards.

Further than this, Baldwin's assertions often emerge not from life, but from a tangled network of banalities, clichés, and stereotypes. “Real” life as we catch ourselves in it from day to day often consists of the most ridiculous clichés, and repetition lends the latter an equally bizarre reality. We know instinctively, however, that such automatic thoughts are not to be trusted, that our consciousness and dignity depend upon their denial. Baldwin, in almost helpless mimicry of the oppressor, uses a full battery: sexuality as a motive force, especially between whites and Negroes; love as purgative force (Juanita: “I'll have learned from Richard—how to love. I must. I can't let him die for nothing.”); and first-class citizenship as a matter of manly force. Thought crumbles while effect merges clumsily into cause. The reasons for horror, the light that might be cast from history, the background clarity that must be brought to bear upon the confusion of the moment, are crushed under the load of borrowed notions.

Like the Hollywood novel, so accurate in sight, touch, and sound, yet so distant from persuasive truth, Baldwin's play is a succession of appearances without reality. His ear is good, his meaning is clear, and his essential intentions are beyond scruple. Yet his story gasps for air, never gathering its own momentum, a series of lifelike fits and starts. Alone and unregarded stands the metaphor that might have wrought transformation.

The Actors Studio Theatre production under Burgess

MAY 29, 1964 299

Meredith's direction speaks fundamentally well for the play, often giving it the dramatic sensuality and thrill of discovery that are absent from the text. Much of the success derives from Feder's lighting design; shafts, floods and squares of light giving shape and point to all the scenes. Beyond the technical certainty lie at least two performances of a quality rarely seen on Broadway today. Al Freeman, Jr.'s, Richard makes hatred plastic. He anatomizes impotence with sharp, stabbing thrusts at Baldwin's rhetoric, giving it a bantering liveliness not always suggested by the lines. Perhaps he unbalances events by commanding so much sympathy, but more likely, he is setting up a mirror to Baldwin's ambivalent nature. Unlike the whites in the play, Richard is seen through his humanity rather than through his color.

Juanita, more vocal essayist than character, is given enormous life by Diana Sands. She comes upon the stage as if she held in reserve an armory of vocal, physical, and emotional weapons. Nothing seems held back, yet so much more seems available. Her responses erupt with astonishing fleetness, her silences are completely filled. Given one of Baldwin's most purple passages, she builds a trembling aria, a hard, crystalline song that reaches to the outer rim of pain, the point where tears lose their meaning. Miss Sands makes illusion where it is badly needed, pouring felt drama into naked assertion.

Even in more skillfully executed plays, we may detect a note of artful deception and evasion, a need to unmask while leaving make-up on. Of self-deception, however, the true playwright can afford only a little. He draws distinctions between questions and answers. And he knows, too, that a good answer is usually a suspended question. Baldwin, following the pattern of Richard's father, has written as a public man, not a private man at all. This may be inevitable and even necessary at such a moment in urgent history. But, within it as a choice, stands the dilemma of all socially spirited art, the cruel fact that often what is necessary serves neither cause nor art so well as what is ripped untimely from the dark regions of quarrelsome imagination.

GORDON ROGOFF

(This is the second guest column by Gordon Rogoff, a regular drama critic for the *Tulane Drama Review*. He reviewed Richard Burton's *Hamlet* in these pages on May 1.)

May

Sky thrust from town
Vaults high towers
But comes down
To flowers

SAMUEL MENASHE

CORRESPONDENCE

"De Gaulle on Vietnam"

Brooklyn, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: While it is possible to agree with much that Ronald Steel has to say about the need for more serious consideration by Washington of Charles de Gaulle's proposals for the neutralization of South-east Asia [Apr. 24], I find the tenor of his article deeply disturbing. The crucial question about a neutral South-east Asia is not whether it is desirable, but whether it is possible.

At the Geneva conference in July 1954, following the disaster of Dien Bien Phu, France herself gave Communism a free hand in that portion of Vietnam north of the 17th parallel. Although we were not a party to that agreement, the U.S. has at no time attempted to interfere with Ho Chi Minh's administration of that area. The difficulty in Vietnam today results from a sustained Communist effort to extend its power south of the demarcation line.

We have seen this situation before, in Korea. Despite continued right-wing efforts in the U.S. to characterize the Korean U.N. action as a failure, Korea was in fact a huge success. Communism, by agreement, was to remain north of the 38th parallel. It crossed the line and was resisted. Today, a decade later, matters are where they stood at the time of the original agreement. One does not have to approve everything in South Korea today to accept the fact that Communist governments do not honor agreements which depend for their enforcement solely on a sense of fair play.

Although I share Mr. Steel's concern about the tiger we are riding in Vietnam, it would be tragic if a substantial number of Americans were to conclude that through Charles de Gaulle, "Washington is being offered a helping hand off the tiger." He quotes Couve de Murville's observation that "the United States is unlikely to do with 20,000 men what France was unable to do in eight years with 200,000 men." Passing over the fact that we are not trying to do what France was trying to do—which was to re-impose a colonial administration—one might rejoin that *France* is unlikely to do today what she so signally failed to do in 1954 when she still had a quarter of a million troops in the area. A few more "helping hands" like this, and we will be discussing the "neutralization" of Burma, India and Malaysia.

WILL SPARKS

"Revising Canon Law"

San Francisco, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Permit me to say how wholeheartedly I agree with Monsignor Conway in his very

perceptive and realistic suggestions under the title of "Revising Canon Law" in your issue of April 24. I was particularly struck with his remark that the Church might do without the monsignori and all that has come to be implied in this ecclesiastical rank. In contrast to present practice in this country and abroad—with some notable exceptions—I am reminded that at the time preparations were being made for the Third Plenary Council of 1884, Michael A. Corrigan, Coadjutor Archbishop of New York, asked James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore and Apostolic Delegate for the Council, if he did not think the monsignori should be invited. Gibbons thought it was a good idea, but he did not know who they were and where they lived; would not Archbishop Corrigan, therefore, send him a list of their names and addresses? The list that was mailed to Baltimore shortly thereafter contained the names of eleven priests in the country who were monsignori of one kind or another. Should a fourth plenary council of the American Church be convened, he would be a brave man, indeed, who would suggest an invitation to the monsignori!

Fortunately, in the present instance the Church is saved the scandal that accompanied the *in commendam* abbots and their like in the late Middle Ages. Yet the whole matter of the monsignori has gotten sufficiently out of hand in some dioceses as to threaten disedification, if not scandal, were it for nothing else than the amount of money that is expended by the clergy for the ecclesiastical raiment involved. It would be a salutary thing for the Church if Vatican Council II would take seriously the suggestions of Archbishop Helder Pessoa Camara of Brazil for the general simplification of clerical life, and one of the best ways to begin might well be to abolish the monsignori, after which the conciliar fathers could move on to the titles for higher prelates and the practice of kissing the rings of bishops and abbots anywhere outside the sanctuary, and even within the sanctuary, it is difficult to see how the dignity of divine worship would suffer if the ring kissing were to be dispensed with in the Church's ceremonies.

(Rt. Rev. Msgr.) JOHN TRACY ELLIS

"Married Priests?"

Cornwall, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Your lead editorial for May 15, entitled "Married Priests?", was most certainly thought-provoking, to say the very least, and yet, at the same time, saturated, I thought, with a genuine love for Christ and His Church in general, and of the Catholic priesthood and celibacy in particular. No matter how your readers felt emotionally for or against the concept of a married clergy in the Western Church, your editorial words, honed to razor-sharp accuracy, and your relentless logic must have stirred them to re-evaluate

this most delicate, momentous and venerable tradition of priestly celibacy, to face up to its ideals, and not to take such a noble yet precarious tradition for granted.

Certainly, if priestly celibacy is to be at all meaningful, it cannot be a regretful, resigned, negative, merely sufficient celibacy. On the contrary, it must be elegant, princely, positive, gallant, triumphant. But how many celibates in the Western Church are truly desirous or even capable of this elegant, positive, joyful, princely celibacy? God alone knows. Negative, resigned, burdensome, yet life-long, celibacy in authentic men who, nonetheless, do sincerely desire to be Christ's priests . . . it makes one stop to think! How beautiful, assuredly, it would be if princely and positively desired and loved celibacy always went hand-in-hand with membership in the clergy of the Roman Rite. But, ultimately, the question at issue is not how you or I *feel* toward the proposition of a married or celibate clergy for the Church of our day and age but what, really, is the mind of Christ on this matter.

Celibacy, as such, merely signifies the state of being unmarried, "wifelessness": something quite colorless and negative, meaningless, and even perilous. Celibacy will never make sense unless the celibate "virginalizes" his unmarried state, i.e., unless he is deeply enamoured of the beauty and mystery of Christian virginity with the result that he joyfully foregoes human marriage because, in virtue of his virginal consecration, he is already truly wedded to God.

It is apparent that the time-honored and age-old tradition of priestly celibacy is undergoing an agonizing, though sympathetic, reappraisal in many quarters. At this stage, it seems to me (and I have made particular studies of this matter for some years), we cannot conveniently sweep the issue of priestly celibacy quietly under the rug. The followers of Christ must not fear to face up to it (too many sincere souls are trying to understand it) and eventually resolve it to the greater honor and glory of Christ Jesus. May He abundantly bestow upon us His Spirit to help us evaluate properly the priesthood and its exigencies, the needs of souls and of the Church, the place of a celibate clergy, and the beauty and mystery of Christian virginity.

(Rev.) GINO M. DALPIAZ, P.S.S.C.

AN URGENT APPEAL: Fifty Latin-American students are now completing I.C.I.'s first course in the well-tried Antigonish economic techniques in Panama City. There are many applicants for a second course on these self-help, cooperative techniques which can do so much for the peoples of Latin America, but funds are lacking. Gifts for this Inter-American Co-Operative Institute should be sent to Rev. James Gillis, S.F.M., Rm. 803, 21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill., 60605.

Hemingway Playing Hemingway: Victim of a Manner

A Moveable Feast. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. \$4.95.

by Geoffrey Wagner

JUDGING by this memoir, it would seem that the Hemingway estate is prepared to dribble out some very small beer indeed in the name of the master. This book was apparently completed in Cuba in 1960 and, for all the good it is likely to do Hemingway's reputation, it could very well have stayed there — permanently. However, 150,000 copies were in print before publication, *et cetera*, *et cetera*.

Subtitled "Sketches of the Author's Life in Paris in the Twenties," *A Moveable Feast* is a set of short-who-knows-how-accurate? — literary reminiscences of the era. But despite the old emphasis on the senses—of smell, touch, taste—the hedonist

Hemingway is smothered here by the doctrinaire anti-intellectual, than whom, I fear, there are few greater bores. Indeed, there are times when the book threatens to degenerate into an anthology of insults: "I cannot remember Gertrude Stein ever speaking well of any writer who had not written favorably about her work or done something to advance her career."

Aldous Huxley, who had not written favorably about Hemingway, is here scored off as "a dead man," while Wyndham Lewis, who had written most unfavorably of him, is the incarnation of evil ("I do not think I had ever seen a nastier-looking man"). Ford, who also did some rational thinking, smelt appalling. And so on. Only Hemingway ("a natural heavyweight") comes off well. In fact, only Hemingway acting as Hemingway.

The state of Anglo-American prose when Hemingway started writing cried out for the kind of reform he accorded it. It was almost too easy. Yeats was giving his own work the same kind of semantic purging that Hemingway was performing on a body of commercial literature. It did not matter if he had much to say. He revived romanticism by telling tremendously romantic tales in the famous flat way.

The manner was what was important, and toward the end the manner overtook him. It was not, of course, Hemingway's fault that his method became commercialized, but it was his fault that he could parody himself in the guise of realism at the close of his life. This was a failure in self-consciousness.

"... and I walked on in the rain. I walked down past the Lycée Henri Quatre and the ancient church of St.-Etienne-du-Mont [the church would actually come first] and the wind-swept Place du Panthéon and cut in for shelter to the right and finally came out on the lee side of the Boulevard St.-Michel and worked on down it past the Cluny and [across] the Boulevard St.-Germain until I

came to a good café that I knew on the Place St.-Michel."

This is fairly good map-reading but hardly good realism, any more than to write of Miss Stein's "immigrant hair" represents observation. Here is Jimmy Breslin opening the *World's Fair*: "Off to the left, up on top of the hill, were apartment buildings. Familiar buildings, too. And right behind them is Queens Blvd. Pepe and Johnny Maguire have a bar there. And up the other way, behind Shea Stadium, is La Guardia Field. And the El up there, crossing the parkway, that one goes to Sunnyside. They have a fight club in Sunnyside. Hell, you know the whole area."

Some of Hemingway's peregrinations in *A Moveable Feast* ("up Bonaparte to Guynemer, then to the rue d'Assas") would be highly elliptical to most Parisians. What he is really involved in is fictional correction. But the anti-ornamental, deadpan narration was a limited style-as-vision technique. It was a reaction rather than an action. A Flaubertian pruning was not Flaubert. Joyce, writing in dozens of styles, knew this all right and tipped his hat in *Ulysses* by having Bloom misspelt as Boom, just as the first ads for *Madame Bovary* had announced an author called Faubert.

In other words, style-as-vision works best if you have some vision to support the style. The spate of pseudo-Hemingway today suggests to me that the standards by which he has been judged derive from the quick, strong claims of his effects, rather than his content. This is what W. K. Wimsatt, in *The Verbal Icon*, calls the Affective Fallacy—"a confusion between the poem and its results (what it *is* and what it *does*)."
Hemingway's early work *did* a great deal, but I am not sure just what it *was*.

You end up, it seems to me, with a fairly virulent form of skepticism, to which the anti-intellectualism of this volume pays court. In short, highly vulnerable to specifically critical



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judgment, Hemingway gets easily pushed into a pose—one buttressed at the end by the hedonist rhetoric. Romanticism may have been given a sweet shot in the arm in his writing, but somehow it does not make me very happy to read Hemingway. I suspect the Rotten-Apple syndrome—all tough on the outside and mushy in the middle.

James Forrestal

James Forrestal: A Study of Personality, Politics and Policy. By Arnold A. Rogow. Macmillan. \$6.95.

by Denis Killeen

ARNOLD A. ROGOW undertakes two related tasks in this study. Firstly, he sketches the life of James Forrestal from his youth in Matteawan (now Beacon), New York, to his suicide leap from the 16th floor of the Bethesda Naval Hospital; and secondly, he argues for a greater public awareness of the psychological problems high governmental officials must face. In research for this book, Professor Rogow has gone "to the neighbors" as well as to the record in order to examine the forces which influenced this enigmatic figure.

The future Secretary of Defense was born in 1892, the third child of James and Mary Toohey Forrestal. His father was nine when he arrived in New York from County Cork, Ireland, in 1857. The elder Forrestal became fairly prosperous in the construction business, was appointed local postmaster by President Cleveland, and campaigned for Franklin D. Roosevelt when the latter was a candidate for the State Senate in 1910.

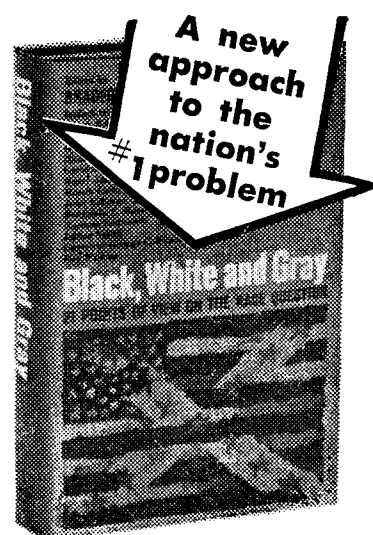
However, the Forrestal home was dominated by the children's mother. She was a strict disciplinarian and a fervent Catholic who wanted young James to become a priest. The author places great emphasis on the young Forrestal's family relationship, his break from the Church, his own views of marriage and children, as contributing to his mental tension: "His self-exile from the family circle, however, was accompanied by a burden of guilt which was not relieved by the passage of years."

After a satisfying experience as a

reporter for the New York World, Forrestal became a bond salesman for the Wall Street firm now known as Dillon, Read and Company. His energy, intelligence and administrative competence brought him one promotion after another until, in 1938 when he was forty-six, he became its president. Although Forrestal considered himself a Democrat, he had no great respect for Franklin D. Roosevelt, but was referred to the President by such New Dealers as Harry Hopkins, Thomas Corcoran and William O. Douglas. He was not enthusiastic about his work as administrative assistant to the President, and let it be known that he would be glad to serve as Navy Under Secretary. In this new position he was given considerable latitude by his tolerant superior, Frank Knox.

The author devotes considerable space to Forrestal's years as Under Secretary and later, when Knox died, as the final full Secretary of the Navy. However, the serious student of these years will find *Forrestal and the Navy* by Robert Greenhalgh Albion and Robert Howe Connery more thorough, especially in its illustration of his administrative ability. Prof. Rogow tells of Forrestal's early opposition to unification of the services, his differences with Truman over Israel, his opposition to Communism, his support of Taft-Hartley, his meager endorsement of the Truman-Barkley ticket, and his frustrations as the first Secretary of Defense. James Forrestal was a "yes-man" for nobody; he was a man who developed a wide loyal following but also some bitter enemies. The fierce treatment he received at the hands of some commentators, such as Drew Pearson, weighed on his waning health.

Professor Rogow traces in some detail the deterioration of Forrestal's health, already poor when Truman demanded his immediate resignation to make room for a political appointment. The author realizes that his subject had enormous burdens in these most trying times, but he argues that the fatal "flaw in his personality undoubtedly owes much to his childhood and adolescence." He further suggests that "Forrestal paid with psychosis and suicide, in effect paid with his life for an accumulation of



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guilts, tensions, frustrations, and conflicts that finally became overwhelming."

The main thrust of Rogow's argument is that psychiatry should play a greater part in determining the fitness of men for public office. He thinks that "psychiatrists may have to reassess their traditional attitude toward the privacy of the doctor-patient relationship." More than a few readers of this book might wish that Professor Rogow had shown greater restraint and caution in reaching some of his conclusions; after all, psychiatrists too are men limited by knowledge and bias just as the general public. It is not necessary to agree with all views expressed in this book; it is still worthwhile. You can even disagree based on the information the author gives; this is an honest work.

Loss of Integrity

Humanistic Education and Western Civilization: Essays for Robert M. Hutchins. Edited by Arthur A. Cohen. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$5.75.

by C. J. Fox

WHEN ONE thinks of the American college scene, the subject of many of the essays in this collection, one recalls a sizeable campus, dotted with forbidding architectural piles and swarming with herds of book-laden youths who are rushing heads down in a dozen directions—as if slaves of some wrathful time-god—to a variety of rigidly scheduled classes. And one remembers the bleak face of a college administrator announcing to an instructor after a seven-week summer school, "You can't have your pay until you return a book you borrowed from the library," and making as the condition for payment of another teacher's stipend the return by this penurious academic of his office key.

Then there was the young lady who protested a low grade on a term paper adjudged by her history instructor to have been badly written. "But writing doesn't count in a history course," she wailed, "that's only for our English courses." This vignette illustrates the deterioration that has occurred in "the sense of organic

integrity of the modern multipurpose university." The latter expression comes from O. Meredith Wilson, president of the University of Minnesota and the author of one essay in this volume honoring Robert M. Hutchins on the occasion of his 65th birthday.

The 15 contributors to the collection make a distinguished if largely like-minded company. Many display concern for the disintegration alluded to by Dr. Wilson and it is to Dr. Hutchins that they often turn for some solution to this vexing problem. The collection's editor, Arthur A. Cohen, cites the celebrated educator honored here as believing that "the fundamental end of metaphysics—the rational inquiry into the ultimate nature of things—is the high end of education. Metaphysics, more than being a discipline with a particular object of inquiry or peculiar type of procedure, is a method appropriate to the learning of any art or science."

Here, then, is a facet of Dr. Hutchins' thought that draws together instruction in both science and the humanities. And Mr. Cohen, after considering this particular key to pedagogic unity, goes on to set out in a loftily-worded introductory essay what he calls Dr. Hutchins' preoccupation with "the responsible freedom of individuals" as the first purpose of education.

How this emphasis on the individual squares, if at all, with Elisabeth Mann Borgese's vision (like something conjured up by Ernst Jünger) of our age as "post-individual" is a matter for interesting speculation. The daughter of Thomas Mann has written the most stimulating essay, for all its occasional extravagance, in the collection. Other contributors, such as Justice William O. Douglas and Mortimer Adler, stress the preservation of the free, thinking man in the traditional liberal sense as the contribution education is expected to make to the strengthening of democracy.

The young history student's confusion over the question of literacy in the writing of term papers shows that "organic disintegration" in at least one college now transcends the mere gulf between science and the arts. The "Two Cultures" concept is about as

far as most contributors to this book take their consideration of the matter. But the arts themselves—at least history and English literature—have become so detached from one another as a result of academic compartmentalization that students no longer see any connections between them, let alone entertain vaster visions of the arts and science as one great human concern. One can only hope that attempts at re-integration, like that undertaken at the College of the University of Chicago, succeed in putting this badly scattered Humpty-Dumpty together again.

Yet the wooden-sounding pedagogic abstractions in which F. Champion Ward, for one, describes the Chicago attempt hardly inspire faith in the emergence there of something truly vital. The grey mind of the more desicated variety of educator, whose world is peopled by phantom automata called "students," dominates the Chicago scene, if we are to judge from Dr. Ward's essay.

It would seem that, where government bureaucrats seek to solve problems by establishing great new organizational complexes, educators resort to drawing up reams of new courses, all the while believing in the power of a syllabus almost of itself to produce educated men. The emphasis rather should be on training and encouraging flesh-and-blood teachers in the art of communicating ideas.

Beyond this, the college can do only so much by way of educating the young. The bulk of the responsibility lies with the individual—his initiative and brains. The massive course-structures of modern colleges only indicate that such institutions have little awareness of their own limitations and the true nature of the educative process.

As might be expected, David Riesman makes of his essay a sociological analysis of present college conditions. The faculties, he says, have taken over control of the nation's colleges from their former masters, the administrators. One could believe this if it weren't for the nagging memories of students in pell-mell motion from class to class at behest of some administrative schedule-setter, and of the tight-fisted treasurer's assistant whose "Nyet" to two teachers' re-

quests for their wages implied an administrative arrogance that could only have its roots in a still-solid sense of power.

Gentlemen All

The Corporation Take-Over. Edited by Andrew Hacker. Harper & Row. \$6.

The Great Treasury Raid. By Philip M. Stern. Random House. \$5.95.

by Edward T. Chase

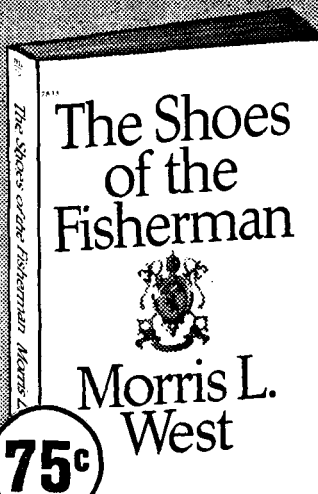
ANDREW Hacker's book is very radical, here and there even a bit far-fetched, this though its editor is a champion in the stable of the Sunday New York Times Magazine, the nation's most comfortably predictable weekly. Professor Hacker has chosen essays that are profoundly un-American, as that preposterous term has come to be defined for us by, say, the Hearst press. For as his own two contributions—the best of a good col-

lection—emphasize, the main theme is that the country is really run by mindless and unaccountable paper formulations called corporations. Paradoxically, their staunchest apologists, the spokesmen of big business, like to think of themselves as the last of the rugged individualists.

It is even scarier than this. Latter-day corporations are tended by technician managers but their true power derives from the technological apparatus they represent and this apparatus now has an existence, has powers and potentials that are possibly demonic.

Who knows the ultimate effects of the new machines? Who can predict the eventual social consequences that new technology corporations create? Certainly not the shareholders, who have no control anyhow, and not the managers either, who have little or no ownership at stake. Yet as Mr. Hacker observes, "In the final analysis the fulcrum of corporate power is the investment decision."

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More to the point, why do we allow such a state of affairs? The book is not altogether clear. One can infer, though, that it is because Americans are pragmatists; the corporate institution has worked well; above all, we operate, mindlessly, on the assumption of the benign automaticity of the corporate system. The premise is that competing units, never mind how individually irresponsible, by the fact of their contending behavior end up with a harmonious, responsible result.

One wonders how much longer this myth will be generally tolerated in the face of such things as the worsening condition of our cities, which are being shaped not by plan but by private commercial avarice, or in the face of an imaginatively bankrupt theater and of television and radio suffused with the disfiguring pressures of competitive salesmanship. In a word, leaving everything up to the profit motive is not such a hot idea any more.

The implications of this book are that we can do much better, by hanging on to the profit motive but complementing it with planning and with certain controls. Gardiner Means and W. H. Ferry are contributors who are explicit on this point and it is implicit in Donald Michael's famous essay: "Cybernation: The Silent Conquest," happily included in this collection, to date our best insight into the future effects of automation.

Philip Stern's book on the \$40 billion lost to the U.S. Treasury because of multitudinous loopholes does not deal with corporations but rather with federal individual income taxes. Yet like Professor Hacker's book his is a commentary on how Americans expose themselves to victimization and inequities because of deficient understanding of the institutional forces in their lives and their consequent powerlessness to do much about them. His own mission is to illuminate mysteries of the tax code.

Stern is a superb "fact" writer. Despite what might be anticipated to be difficult matter, the book is easy, even delightful, to read. Stern is concrete and clear, and he displays great discernment in both making judgments and in providing the

reader with precisely the right data, but not too much, to reach his own conclusions.

Here are typical revelations: each year \$25 billion that should be listed on tax returns is unreported; the tax laws now encourage the individual to go into debt rather than live within his means; similarly, they rate repairing a dented fender more important than fixing a broken arm; "charitable" foundations often are used to allow donors to control companies and to win corporate proxy fights; percentage depletion allowances, far from shrinking, are more widespread now than ever, extending beyond oil and gas to gravel, ornamental stone and even clam shells; five men with incomes of over \$5 million paid no tax at all; movie magnate Louis B. Mayer saved \$2 million in taxes by getting a hand-tailored tax relief provision written into the law.

The author is most outraged at the 25 percent capital gains tax, which he avers allows some \$20 billion to escape any taxation whatsoever year after year. And as a writer he is also acid about the discrimination against professionals, whose earned income enjoys no tax favor.

My own beef, an unfair one, is that Mr. Stern does not get into the question of the relative gradations of the tax bite, relative to income, that is, and to the issues involved in corporate and excise taxes and the special taxes for special funds. In a word, we desperately need still another book from him, as this year's defeat of tax reform has made only too clear.

REVIEWERS

Geoffrey Wagner's latest book is *The Asphalt Campus* (Macmillan).

Denis Killeen teaches political science at St. John's University, New York.

C. J. Fox is a reporter on the staff of a Canadian news agency.

Edward T. Chase writes frequently on cultural and economic questions.

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